BEGINNING—**FIVE DAYS**—
AN UPROARIOUS NOVEL OF HIGH ADVENTURE—BY **ERIC HATCH**

FEB. 11,
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Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

February 11, 1933 Vol. 10, No. 6

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by **Frederic Stanley**

SELLING THE UNITED STATES

There is a slang term used by salesmen everywhere that contains a world of meaning. They speak of " selling " the firm with which they are associated. That is, creating good will, friendship, by convincing statements of the superior character of their organization and the merchandise they offer.

What we need more than anything else at the present time is some supersalesmen to sell the United States to the nations of the world, to create a feeling of cordial friendliness toward this country.

We have been so big and powerful that no one ever imagined that such a necessity existed. But the need of some such activity at the present time is so outstanding that tragical results may ensue if it is neglected.

Our Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson has been occupying an important position, and as he resigns his office this country is most thoroughly hated by practically every nation of the world. He may not be to blame for this deplorable situation, but our next President will have to assume the truly stupendous responsibility of appointing his successor.

Our new Secretary of State should be an executive who can " sell " the United States. An opportunity is now in the hands of our new President to appoint a high-powered executive with superselling abilities, with a view to changing the attitude of the various foreign nations toward this country. If such an official could have the assistance of real selling executives, supersalesmen, as ambassadors, instead of political favorites, in these various countries, we might change the universal enmity we are now enduring to a feeling of general cordiality which should aid greatly in harmonizing our international troubles.

We had a most amazing example of the possibilities of such an accomplishment recently in Mexico. For generations we had almost continuous trouble with that hot-blooded southern country. And then some superior intelligence was used. The late Dwight W. Morrow, who afterward became a senator, was sent to Mexico as an ambassador. It took him but a short time to smooth out the " rough places " with that country, and since then Mexico has been exceedingly friendly.

When Woodrow Wilson was President his idealism pointed the way to a glorious future. But the self-important pomposity of some so-called statesmen in Washington defeated his high purposes.

At that time we could have literally owned the world, and the value of the good will alone, leaving out everything else, would have been almost infinite in character. Our factories would have been running night and day to supply the universal demand that would have come to us as the indirect product of the generous good feeling that was at that time extended to us everywhere.

And the serious phases of the calamitous deflation that came with what we now call the world's worst depression might never have been experienced. The balloon-like values would, of course, have been deflated; that maniacal investment fever had to end, unsound values had to be reduced. But when reasonable stabilization of values had been attained our depression would have ended.

We would have continued to be the world's greatest power, with friends everywhere and a fast growing business with all nations—for friendship of such a character results in business and more business.

Let us all pray on bended knees that the new deal which our next President promises will give us a Secretary of State who can sell the United States. There has been too much pomposity, an overbalanced idea of our dignity, our supposed titanic superiority.

Our representatives in some instances have been too much impressed with this viewpoint. It probably never occurred to many of them that there was any need to sell the United States. We were too big and impressive even to consider such a thing desirable. And that is why many English-speaking foreigners are now frequently heard to exclaim:

" To hell with America and everything American!"

It will be the job of the Secretary of State to change this deplorable situation. It is a monumental task and we sincerely hope that the executive who assumes this responsibility will acquire the same attitude toward our foreign neighbors that a supersalesman does toward his customers—cordiality, friendship, even a proper feeling of humility when necessary, for we want and badly need the friendship of every citizen of every country in the world.

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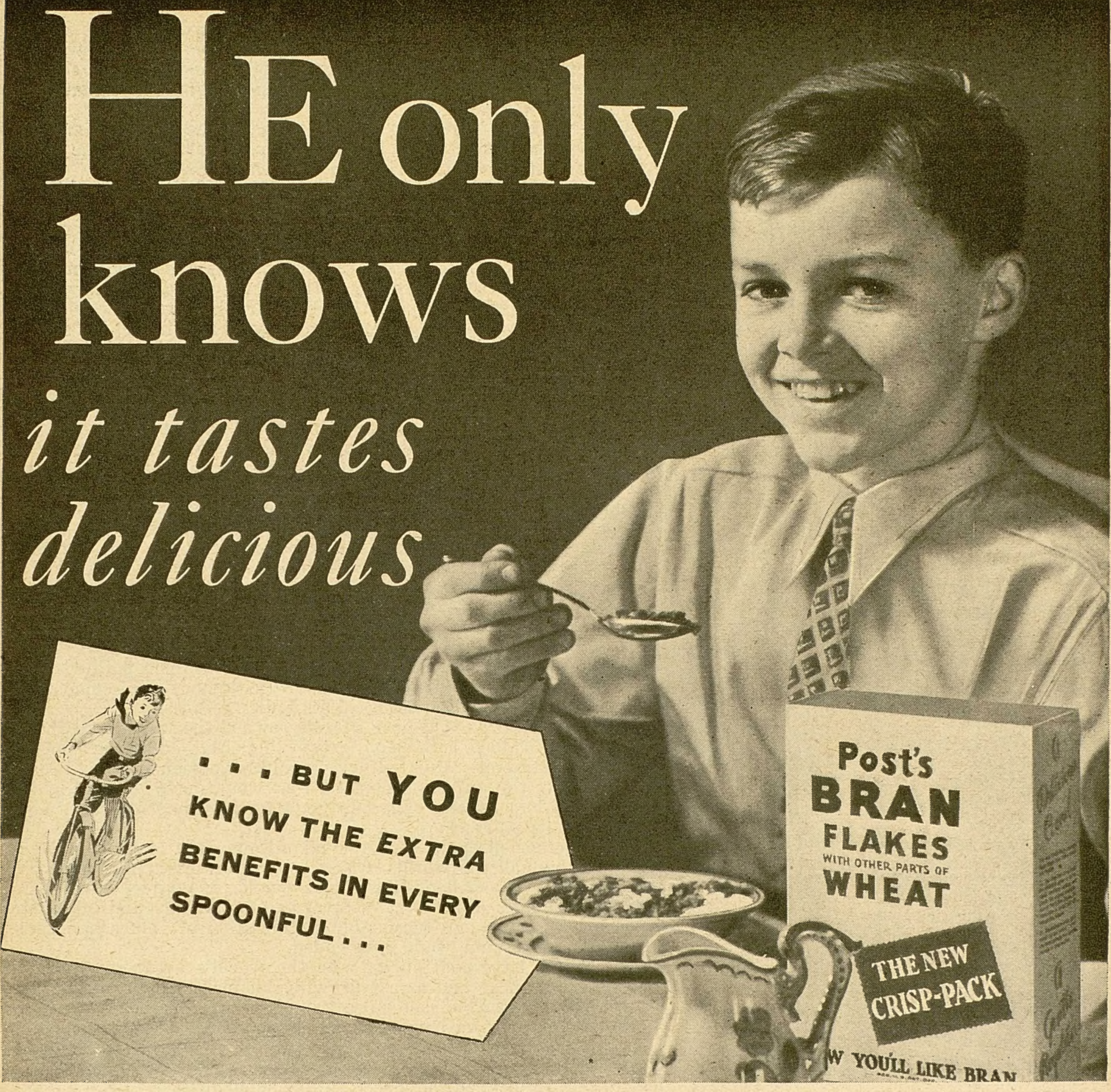
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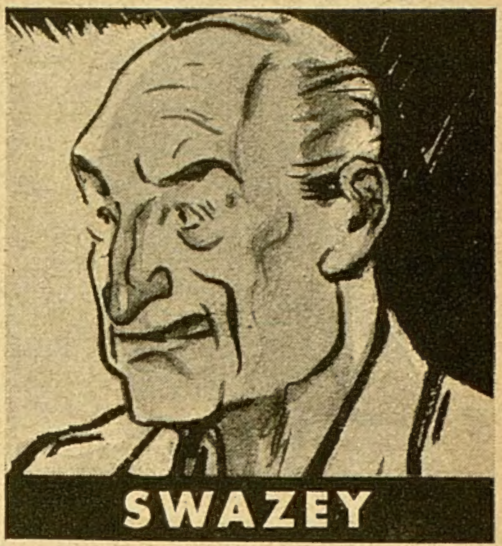
BEGINNING

An Uproarious Novel of HIGH ADVENTURE



FIVE DAYS

By ERIC HATCH

(Reading time: 32 minutes 25 seconds.)

PART I—MEET MR. SWAZEY

BEADLESTON PREECE sat on the flagged terrace of his Long Island home and contemplated the night. It was a soft night of gentle hushed sounds and moonlight; a night for lovers.

Beadleston Preece was young—twenty-eight. Being young, his mind, on such a night, should have been crowded with visions of oodles of fair ladies clad in clinging gossamer garments, and one particular lady probably dressed as a bride. Instead of fair ladies, a vision of grubby men in blue working clothes with the striped aprons peculiar to moving-van people crossed before his eyes. He saw them over and over again as they carried from the great house behind him things he had come to love. He saw the auctioneer, tall, gaunt; heard his rasping voice. He saw Milton Sands, whom he had thought his true friend, sitting behind a huge glass-topped desk in his office telling him with a nice show of sadness that he had succeeded in losing for Beadle in the stock market the several millions of dollars he had inherited from his father the year before. Beadle didn't see the look of relief on Sands' face when he accepted his explanation. But then, Beadle had no reason to suspect there had been any irregularity.

There came the vision of a girl—a tall, stately girl named Madelaine—who had been engaged to Beadle and who, when the crash came, had suddenly ceased to be engaged to Beadle. There were the visions of many people he had thought were friends who had left him as quickly as Madelaine as soon as they saw he couldn't wine and dine them any longer. There was a vision of another girl, also tall, named Carlotta, who had walked over him for years and bedeviled him and teased him because he was prissy; thoughts of his timidity (for Beadle was frightened of almost everything)—wretched, grinding, galling thoughts!

When he had sat so on the terrace for an hour, he started to get up. He had decided to go up to his room and quietly hang himself. Then suddenly he realized that he was no longer alone. He turned and peered into the darkness toward the house.

A man was standing there.

The man had a gun and the gun was pointing directly at Beadle. " Stick 'em up or I'll shoot! "

Beadle stared at him. Then he sighed and said, " I wish you would."

" You *what?* "

" I wish you would shoot. You see," Beadle explained almost apologetically, " I haven't got anything to live for now, so I wish you would shoot me."

The man came closer and looked at Beadle almost as though he were afraid of him. He said, " You're no friend of mine—why should I do you a favor an' go to de chair for it? "

" But I thought you wanted to shoot me."

The man waved his gun menacingly. " I ain't gonna shoot nobody, see? "

" Then why carry that pistol around? "

The man thought about this. He lowered the weapon and looked at it as though he were seeing it for the first time. There was about him the air of one who is completely stumped. Then he said, " I'm blamed if I know! "

Many people would have thought this a strange answer to come from the lips of a hardened criminal. To Beadle it seemed perfectly logical. He said, " I didn't think you knew. What's your name? "

" My name's Swazey," said the burglar. " What's yours? "

" Preece."

Instinctively they shook hands.

" Glad to know you, Mr. Preece," said Swazey.

" Sit down," said Beadle. " I'd like to talk to you."

Swazey sat down. He said, " About you havin' nothin' to live for, I suppose."

Beadle nodded. Swazey cocked his head on one side and said, " Ain't you 'shamed, sayin' a thing like that—you with your fine horses an' your auto*mo*biles an' butlers an' *maids* even? Maids! An' you say you got nothin' to live for! "

" I haven't any of those things," said Beadle. " I used to have. I—I'm leaving here tomorrow. It isn't mine any more."

" Oh." Swazey looked down for a second in thought. " What was it? The ponies or women? "

" Neither. A friend lost it for me in the stock market."

" Nice friend," said Swazey. " That's tough." And then, being a man of few words, " Tough! "

" It's a horse on you," said Beadle. " You came to burgle the house and there's nothing in the house."

" Oh, dat's all right," said Swazey. " I don't mind. Dere's lots of houses."

" It's nice of you to take it that way," said Beadle.

A silence fell between them. Beadle was

Illustrations by
F. W. SWAIN

thinking about Swazey. Swazey was thinking about Beadle. He admired Beadle for being brave enough to look into the muzzle of his gun without flinching. In his simple code people he liked were his friends. He was annoyed that this new friend had been so put upon.

“Say,” he said, “did you beat up dis guy what lost your dough for you?”

“Oh, no,” said Beadle. “He's much too big.”

“Didn't you do nothin' to him?”

Beadle shook his head.

“Where does he live?”

Beadle sighed and said, “Milton Sands lives in a lovely big house about a mile from here.”

“Oh,” said Swazey. “Dat's different.”

He wriggled and screwed his enormous face into an expression of pain that clearly indicated he was thinking.

“A nye for a nye,” said the burglar.

“What?” said Beadle.

“I mean Milton Sands,” said Swazey. “Look here. Why don't you go steal somethin' of his? I'll help you.”

For a long time Beadle didn't answer. He was thinking—thinking along clear, simple lines. He sat up abruptly and turned to Swazey.

“Come up to my room,” he said, “and we'll have a snort before we get going.”

Twenty minutes later Beadle stood alone in the paneled hallway, by the front door. He had wanted to be alone for a moment to bid farewell to the house, and so had told Swazey to get his car and wait for him under the porte-cochère. One snort with Swazey had led to another, and Beadle was a little drunk. He raised the hand with the hat in it and said, “Good-by, house!” Then he bowed his head and, with a heavily dramatic gesture, spun on his heel and started for the door.

But he forgot that in his left hand he held a suitcase. It swung between his legs and he fell over it. When he picked himself up and started again for the door, much of the sentimental twaddle had been shaken out of him. He went out on to the front porch, closed the door of his home behind him, and looked about for Swazey.

A car that had evidently been driven up behind some bushes on the lawn came out into the driveway. Beadle got in. He said, “Why did you drive into the bushes?”

Swazey snapped his fingers apologetically.

“You see, it's like dis. When all's said an' done, after all I'm a burgular. A burgular can't drive right up to the front door, now can he?”

As Beadle didn't answer, he said again, “Now can he, Mr. Preece?”

Beadle had forgotten the question and had been pondering other matters. Now he looked up. “Oh, no,” he said. “But I wish you'd call me Beadle. Everyone does.”

“O. K., pal,” said Swazey. “Where to now?”

Beadle showed him. A little while later the car, which was a noisy and unpleasant car, rattled into Milton Sands' driveway. Swazey at once swung off the gravel on to the lawn, where the wheels made no sound. He seemed to think this deadening of the wheels would make their passage silent. He forgot about the motor. He couldn't think of the wheels and the motor at the same time. Beadle prodded him with his elbow and said, “Hey, where are you going?”

Swazey smiled and snapped his fingers in apology.

“Stop right here,” said Beadle.

The car stopped.

“Have you got the note?”

“It's tied to de steering wheel,” said Swazey.

“Fine.”

Beadle got out and picked up his suitcase. Swazey took it from him, and Beadle led the way on to the dock and down a precipitous incline to the landing float.

“There she is!”

The two of them stared over the still surface of the harbor to where Milton Sands' yacht Electra lay.

“What is she?” said Swazey.

“Fifty-foot express cruiser.”

ERIC HATCH

was born in New York October 31, 1901, and entered the investment banking business in 1918, being made a member of the firm in 1927, but retired to write. He spends his summers on a house boat and winters abroad. His home is now on Long Island.

“Oh,” said Swazey, nodding. “Freight boat, eh?”

“No,” said Beadle. “That means she's very fast. She'll do thirty knots.”

“Why knots?” said Swazey.

“You call it knots on the water.”

“I see,” said Swazey, like the blind man. He looked sharply at Beadle.

“Say,” he said, “suppose there's some crews on it. What do we do?”

Beadle smiled. He said: “There isn't. I called up a while ago and asked to speak to the captain. They said he and the crew hadn't come back from the village.”

Swazey nodded. He knew strategy when he saw it.

“They'd gone to the movies,” said Beadle.

“What'd they see?” asked Swazey. But Beadle didn't answer. He was bending over the painter of a tiny rowboat that lay alongside the float. Presently he got it undone and clumsily stepped aboard. Swazey followed him with the suitcase, and they each took an oar and paddled out toward the Electra.

It took them several minutes to go the little distance between the boat and the dock because Swazey pushed harder on his oar than Beadle and it made them go corkscrew fashion; but presently they came up under the bow and pulled themselves astern to where they could see a gangway leading over the side. They climbed up it and stepped on to the deck. Protective instinct made them pull the steps up after them. The rowboat they let drift away.

They walked together, uncertainly, along the deck; found a door and entered. Beadle groped along the walls for an electric switch. He pressed it and the room sprang into light. Swazey looked about him, snapped his fingers, and said, “Back in a minute, cap'n. I got an idea.”

Left alone, Beadle stared about him in fascinated interest, for the yacht's wheel and engine controls were there: burnished brass levers, mysterious instruments with shiny dials and figures.

He stepped up to the wheel, spread his feet apart, and gripped the spokes firmly.

He peered ahead and gave the wheel a savage twist as though trying to avoid some obstruction in a seaway.

“I think it's fun,” he said, “being a sailor.”

Then he heard Swazey coming along the deck and tried to pretend he hadn't been pretending to steer. Swazey had two glasses and an open bottle of champagne. He entered the deck house beaming, his heavy face made almost attractive by the obvious pleasure written all over it.

“I found dis,” he said, “an' t'ought we might drink some toast to de Electra.”

They drank the toast. Then they drank a toast to each other. Beadle turned to Swazey. He had heard Milton Sands go through some mystic ritual whenever he had gone out on the boat with him. He remembered some of it.

“Cast off the moorings,” he said.

“Fine talk!” said Swazey. “What is moorings?”

Beadle looked at him in disappointment.

“Untie the thing,” he said, “up in front.”

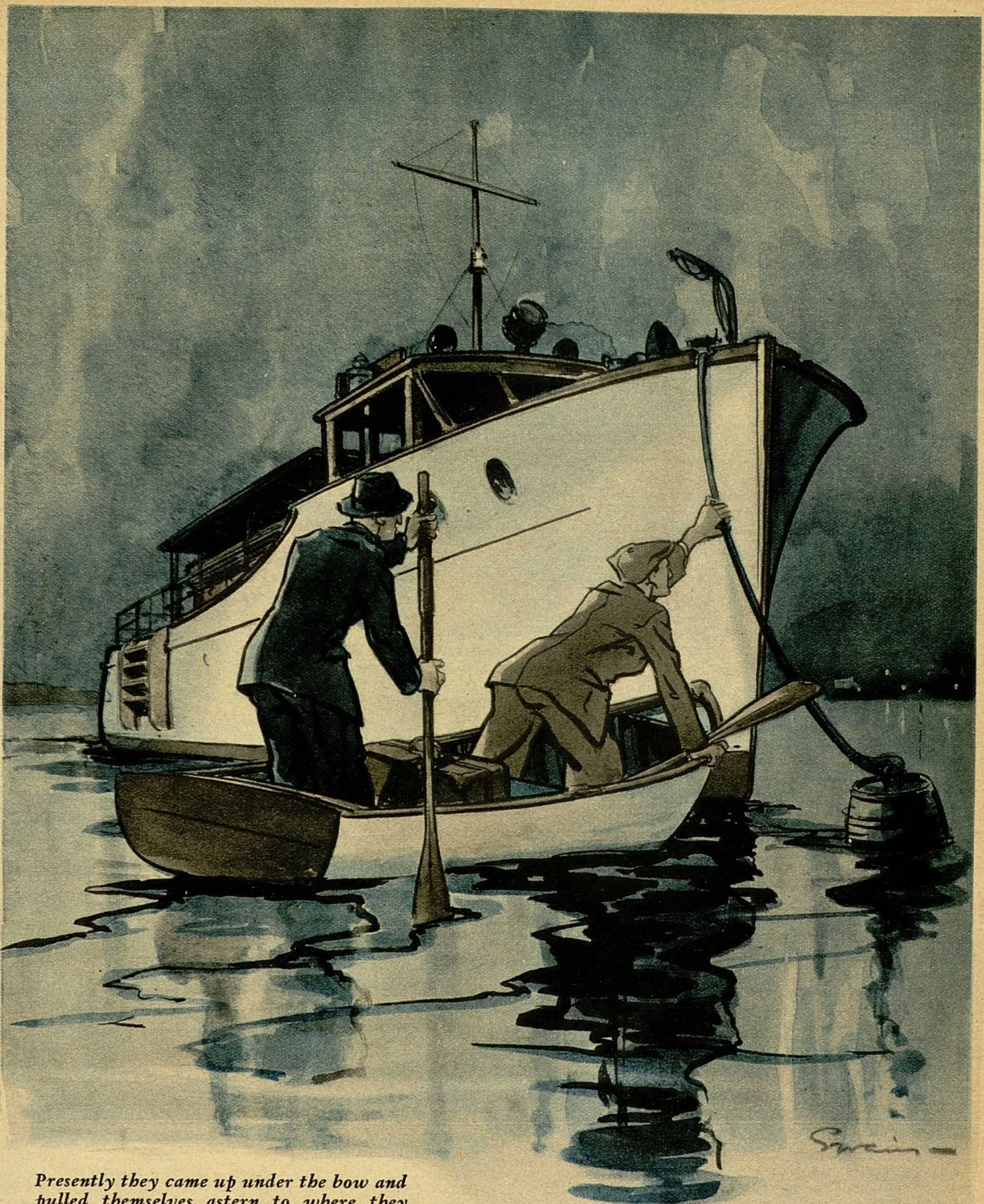
“I'll try,” said Swazey.

“Hurry,” said Beadle. “It just might be awkward if we were found here.”

This was a point of etiquette Swazey understood perfectly. For years and years he had been going places suddenly to avoid being “found” in other places.

Swazey started forward. Beadle saw him take a large knife out of his hip pocket. A moment later he heard a splash and noticed the bow of the yacht slowly swinging around. Then the ebb tide began to carry them sideways toward the Sound. Beadle, thoroughly delighted, swung the wheel back and forth and peered ahead of him the way he had seen sailors do in the movies. Swazey came back and said, “What do we do now—row?”

“We let her gain headway,” said Beadle, though he knew it didn't make sense, “and then we start the motors.”



Presently they came up under the bow and pulled themselves astern to where they could see a gangway leading over the side.

As he spoke, hope and inspiration came. It suddenly occurred to him that his motive power was undoubtedly similar to an automobile engine. He looked carefully at the instrument board and saw a switch that had "On" and "Off" printed on it. He turned it to "On." Then he looked for buttons in the floor, found one, and pushed it.

Almost immediately the boat vibrated and a throaty roar issued from its stern. He pulled on what looked like an automobile throttle and the turmoil quieted to a steady hum. Then he noticed another switch and pushed another button, and started the second engine with a great hullabaloo. He grinned at Swazey.

"This is fine!" he said. "Isn't it, Swazey?"

" No," said Swazey. " De noise scares me. It don't sound like nothin' I ever hoid."

" Rats! " said Beadle.

Swazey looked about him nervously. " Where? "

" Just an expression," said Beadle. " Now we'll start."

Applying his motor-car knowledge to the mechanical proposition confronting him, he located a clutch pedal for each motor, and realized that the long brass handles must be what he termed in his own mind " the gear-shift levers." By means of a gymnastic feat that would have shamed the Electra's professional captain, he succeeded in jumping on both clutches and pulling both levers at the same time. When he jumped off the clutches he opened the throttles wide, and the next second the Electra was shooting through the water. But the maneuver had failed, because she was shooting backward. Beadle was afraid Swazey might notice it. He jumped on the clutches again and seized the levers.

" Just testing her out," he said.

He shoved the levers the other way. The Electra, with a churning of foam and phosphorus at her stern, moved forward. Beadle took a deep breath. It was probably the first time in his life that he had ever mastered a problem alone and unaided. He opened the throttles wide. The Electra gathered speed; her bow lifted out of the water; two sheets of spray rose on each side of her; the deck shook as the power of four hundred horses pent up in the great engines drove her on.

A wild exhilaration now possessed Beadle; filled him with a strange sense of power.

" We're off! " he called to Swazey.

The Electra rushed on, past the last high bluff of the harbor, out into the moonlight. Beadle looked to his left and saw the moonlight made a great wide silver road down the middle of the Sound—a road without borders, fenceless, alluring. He swung the wheel and headed into the shining way.

MILTON SANDS was awakened by a courteous and puzzled butler, who handed him a note, saying he had found it tied with red ribbon to the steering wheel of a car that some person had left on the front lawn.

Milton Sands frowned and looked sharply at his butler. Then he sat up and began to read:

> DEAR MILTON:
>
> I am going away and am taking the Electra with me. I have bought Mr. Swazey's car and am giving it to you in exchange for the Electra. Under the circumstances I'm sure you will understand. . . .

Innocent line, that, about under the circumstances. Beadle had simply meant that he thought Sands might be big-hearted enough not to kick up much fuss. Milton Sands, whose conscience was heavy upon him that morning, read quite a different meaning into it. It looked to Milton as though Beadle had caught on. He proceeded:

> Mr. Swazey said you ought to be shot, Milton, for losing all my money for me, and was anxious to do it for me; but I think I'd rather have the Electra and let you stay alive to worry about things.
>
> Yours truly,
> BEADLESTON PREECE.

Then there was added, at the insistence of and dictated by one Swazey:

> PS. If I get any of your lip about this I'll send Mr. Swazey to see you and let him do what he wanted to do about you losing the money in the first place. B. P.

Milton Sands read his letter over three times. He reached out his hand for the telephone. The police, he thought, would handle Beadle nicely. But second thoughts stayed his hand. It struck him that the police would mean publicity, and publicity, he realized, was something he was in no position to stand.

Then another thought struck him. If Beadle—so entirely ignorant of maritime law that he probably didn't even know there was such a thing—did something horrible with the Electra, he, Milton Sands, would be responsible.

Milton Sands was sorely troubled. . . .

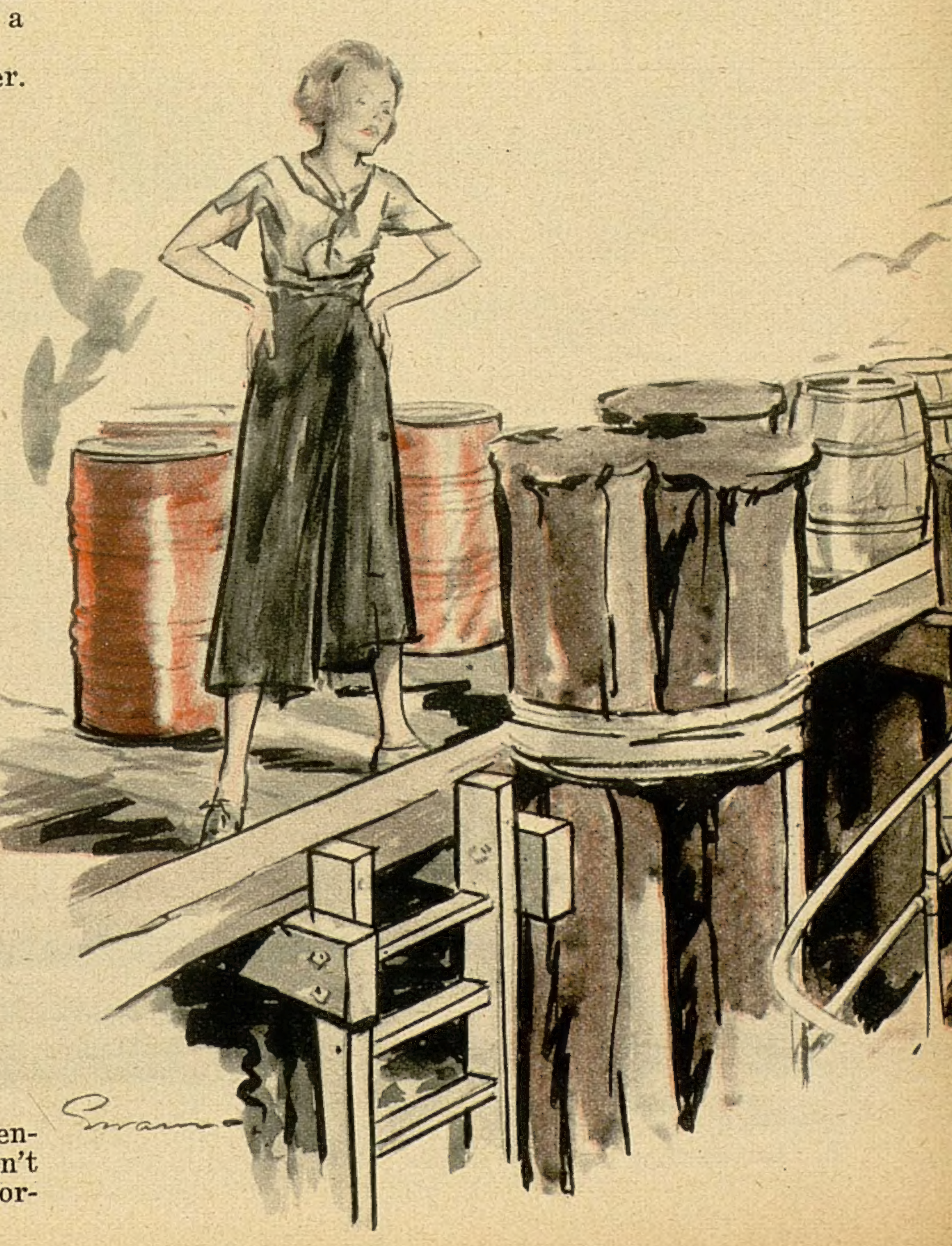
As the sun rose over the silver spires of New York, Beadle Preece, snug in the owner's stateroom of the Electra, was sleeping peacefully. In the forecastle Swazey slept equally peacefully, though more loudly.

The Electra was anchored just off Quarantine, and liners were continually tooting at her and then passing by and rocking her madly in their swell. But since neither Beadle nor Swazey had ever slept on a yacht before, they assumed that the terrific motion, the bellowing horns, and the indignant cries of tug captains whose path their anchoring impeded were part of the game and so should be enjoyed.

By a series of miracles Beadle had navigated through Hell Gate; down the East River with its Sound steamers, tows, and ferries; under the bridges; and at last past the tip of Manhattan Island to Quarantine. There, seeing other ships stopped and apparently sleeping, it seemed fitting and proper that they should anchor too.

Swazey had drawn on certain technical knowledge he had acquired driving a milk wagon. It had been his custom to anchor the horse with a large round weight. Unable to find such a device aboard the Electra, he had seized upon a bit of metal that struck him as the next best thing. It had, by the greatest of the night's miracles, turned out to be the anchor. The second greatest miracle had been when, just as they were about to run head on into a Sound steamer, the bow wave of it had thrown them out of their course and they had missed it. Now, unutterably wearied by their adventuring, thoroughly pleased with themselves, and like all tyros disgustingly proud of what seemed to them the mastery of a new art, they were resting. It was noon before they stirred.

Swazey awoke because the Aquitania just happened to throw a larger swell than any of the liners that had so far passed. The Electra heeled far to one side and deposited him on the floor. The shock was so sudden that



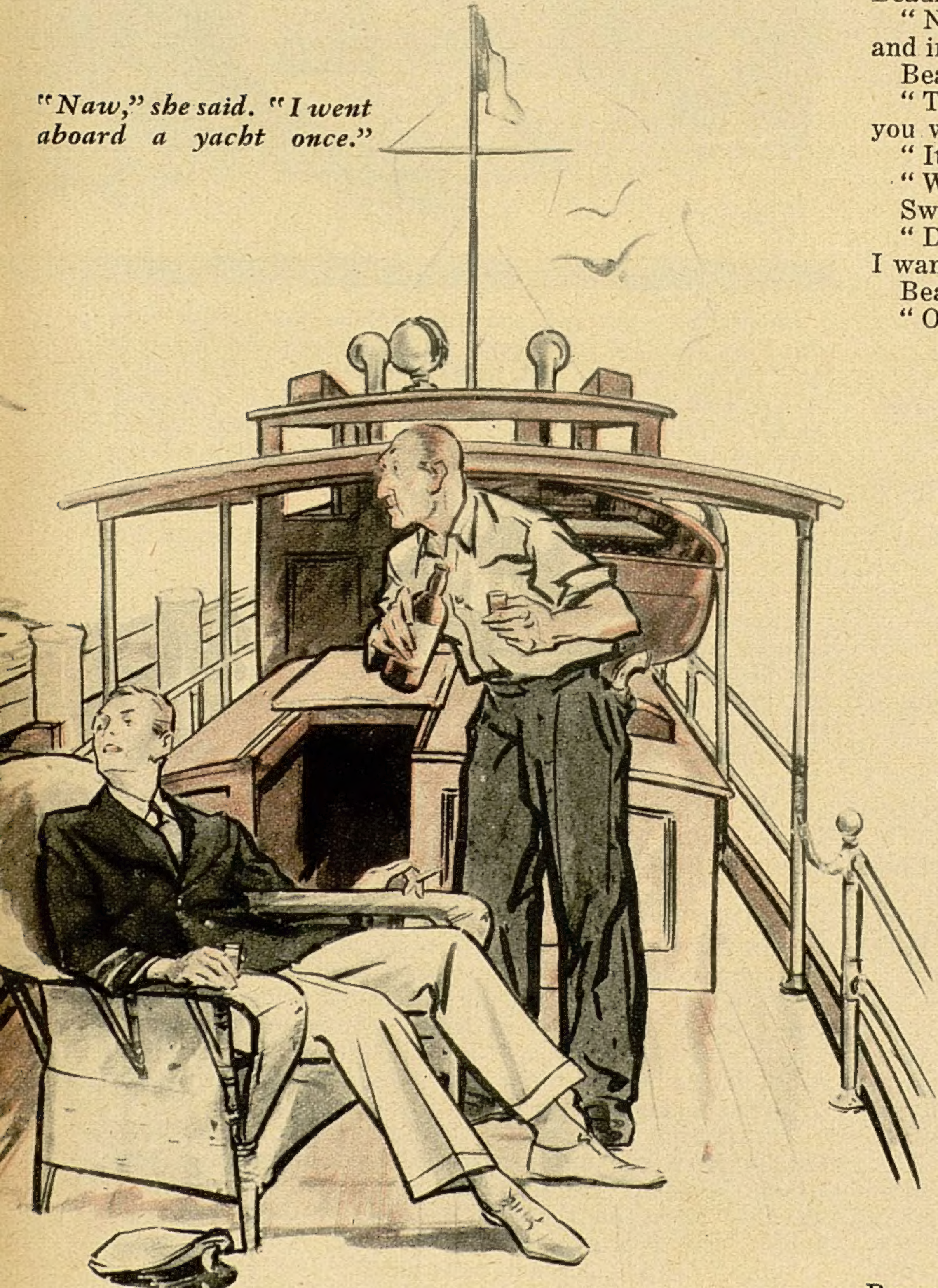
he instinctively pulled his gun. When he realized what had happened he felt like an ass and put the gun away and, suspicious, cautiously climbed the iron ladder to the deck.

The same swell that threw Swazey to the floor lifted Beadle Preece into the air; but the bed in the owner's stateroom was constructed so that no one, however tossed about physically or mentally, could fall out of it, so his awakening was comparatively gentle.

HE lay for a little time with his eyes closed and his heart heavy, for he remembered that he had passed through tragedy—that his world had been torn and twisted like burnt metal and that life was empty. Wearily, sadly, he opened his eyes, looked about him, and started violently as he realized where he was. Then a slow smile spread over his face. He leaped out of bed, stretched, expanded his chest, and very nearly beat upon it with his fists in a primitive gesture of exuberance. Then he dressed—in white flannels and blue coat—and went to the closet to hang up his other clothes. In the closet his eye lighted with glee on Milton Sands' yachting cap.

He snatched it from its shelf, went back before the mirror, and, trying to look like the captain of an ocean greyhound, put it on. It promptly fell over his ears, giving much the effect of a sunbonnet. Beadle could have cried with disappointment. He wanted the feeling of power and authority he knew the hat would give him.

Quite desperate, he went into the bathroom and began savagely to tear and fold bits of tissue paper and stuff them under the sweatband. Then carefully he put the cap on again and looked in the mirror. Even with the stuffing it didn't give exactly the natty effect the hatter had planned for it when, with pride in his work, he had whipped it together for Milton Sands. But now it unquestionably looked more like a yachting cap than it did a sunbonnet. Beadle was delighted.



"Naw," she said. "I went aboard a yacht once."

With an almost naval air he strode up the companionway to the deck. Booted and spurred, so to speak, he was ready to face his empty life with a smile.

On deck he spied Swazey, sitting chin in hands, staring gloomily out at the harbor traffic. There was about the expression on his face something that told as plainly as though he wore a sign that he had fallen prey to an illness famous since men began to go down to the sea in ships. Even as Beadle spied him he rose. With a grimace of pain and eyes that rolled dizzily skyward, he prostrated himself over the rail.

Beadle went forward and, by way of getting his mind off the horrible spectacle, started the engines.

"Now," he said, "we will plot the day's course."

He hadn't the faintest idea what he meant by that. It was just one of the things he'd heard Milton Sands say, and he thought it sounded well, which it did.

"We might go to Bermuda," he thought, and said aloud: "We might go to Bermuda."

He sat down on the long seat in the after end of the cabin and thought for a time about going to Bermuda. The engines hummed agreeably. Then Swazey came in. Beadle said, "I guess we might go to Bermuda, Swazey."

"No," said Swazey. He looked at Beadle, saw the cap, and instinctively added, "sir."

Beadle noticed and smiled.

"The magic of brass buttons," he said. "Why don't you want to go to Bermuda?"

"It's over de ocean."

"Well, we've got a boat."

Swazey looked gloomily at the water.

"Dis is a hell-ship," he said. "I never been so sick. I wanna go home."

Beadle looked his disappointment.

"Oh, Swazey!"

"I wanna go home," said Swazey. "I know when I've had enough, see?"

"I think you're being very silly," said Beadle. "You want to go back to burgling. For what?"

"For I don't like to be sick."

"Oh, very well," said Beadle. "We don't have to sail on the ocean, though it's better. We can sail up rivers and things. We can sail to Florida."

"Florida, eh?" said Swazey, brightening. "How do we go to Florida?"

BEADLE had found it easy enough to plan going to Florida in the abstract—as easy as going to Bermuda; but the problem, presented concretely and brutally by Swazey, was different. He shifted from one foot to the other. He thought so hard and worked the muscles of his brow so fast that the tissue paper in his hat began to squeak.

Then Swazey said, "Where do we go foist?"

Beadle brightened.

"New Brunswick," he said. He didn't say it because he thought you went to New Brunswick first. As a matter of fact, he doubted if you went there at all. But he knew he had to say something, since a direct question demands a direct answer—and he remembered that the trains to Florida did go through New Brunswick. "Of course," he added as a hedge clause, "we've got to find a map."

"There's a map," said Swazey, pointing to a low square glass-covered box on the ledge in front of the wheel. They went over and inspected it. It was a chart of New York Harbor, the Lower Bay, and the Raritan River. Beadle's heart leaped as he saw the magic name New Brunswick and saw what looked to be a water road leading to it. Strange crosses and black marks and dots and everywhere tiny printed figures were on the chart.

"I wonder what on earth they're for!" said Beadle.

Swazey, who was staring at the chart with a concentration so great that it caused him a sense of physical discomfort, straightened.

"Nerts!" he said. "I got it. Dem numbers is de popolation!" Proud, he explained patronizingly: "You see, so many people live here, so many people live there. You got to know how many people live where dey live."

"Why?" said Beadle absently. He felt that Swazey was wrong about the figures and was studying the chart.

"Why?" said Swazey. "Why? Why, because—" Then he hung his head, abashed because he couldn't figure out why. There was a deep silence until Beadle spoke.

"You know," he said, "it's quite wonderful, but I really believe those numbers tell you how deep the water is."

It was Swazey's turn.

"Why?" he said.

Miraculously Beadle was ready for him. He expected this and had prepared himself by quick thought.

"Because," he said, "we have to have a certain amount of water in order to float."

"Now we have to float, eh?" said Swazey.

Beadle went back to his studying. He saw that by sailing along the shore in a generally southerly direction he would in time come to the mouth of the river that obviously led to New Brunswick. He turned to Swazey.

"Now we'll pull up the anchor and start."

"O. K., pal."

Swazey went out on to the forward deck. Again his past life stood him in good stead. Swazey, at the acme of his career, had once hoisted a safe out of an office window. The anchor, with its near-by davit and block and tackle, presented no problem at all.

As the boat began to drift, Beadle went through his acrobatic routine with the clutches and levers. The screws bit into the water and they were away, slowly at first, then faster and faster. The thrill of the night before came back to him—the romantic thrill of commanding a ship at sea bound for foreign parts.

JUST as they were nearing Sandy Hook (miles out of their course, for the Electra was fast) Swazey touched Beadle on the arm. He said quite simply, and forgetting the yachting cap, "Buddy, I t'ink we better go back. It looks deep here an' I don't like it here."

Beadle started, saw he had overreached, and laughed.

"Sure," he said.

"What about de river?"

"We'll head for shore and sail north till we come to it. We must have got way south of it."

Beadle put the helm over and, for good measure, slowed down the engines.

He ran slowly to within a hundred yards of the shore and headed back toward New York, scanning the banks for the mouth of a river; but they presented a solid front of docks and mud banks and moored scows. He began to grow discouraged, and spying a tug near by drawing a string of wallowing barges, steered over close to it. The tug captain leaned lazily in the pilot-house window.

Beadle hailed him.

"Hey!" he shouted. "How can I get to the Raritan River?"

The tug captain didn't care for yachts. Like mosquitoes, they got in his way and bothered him. He slowly took a large stubby pipe from his mouth and, so having cleared that organ for action, pointed and said, "Well, ye can land at that dock there an' take a street car."

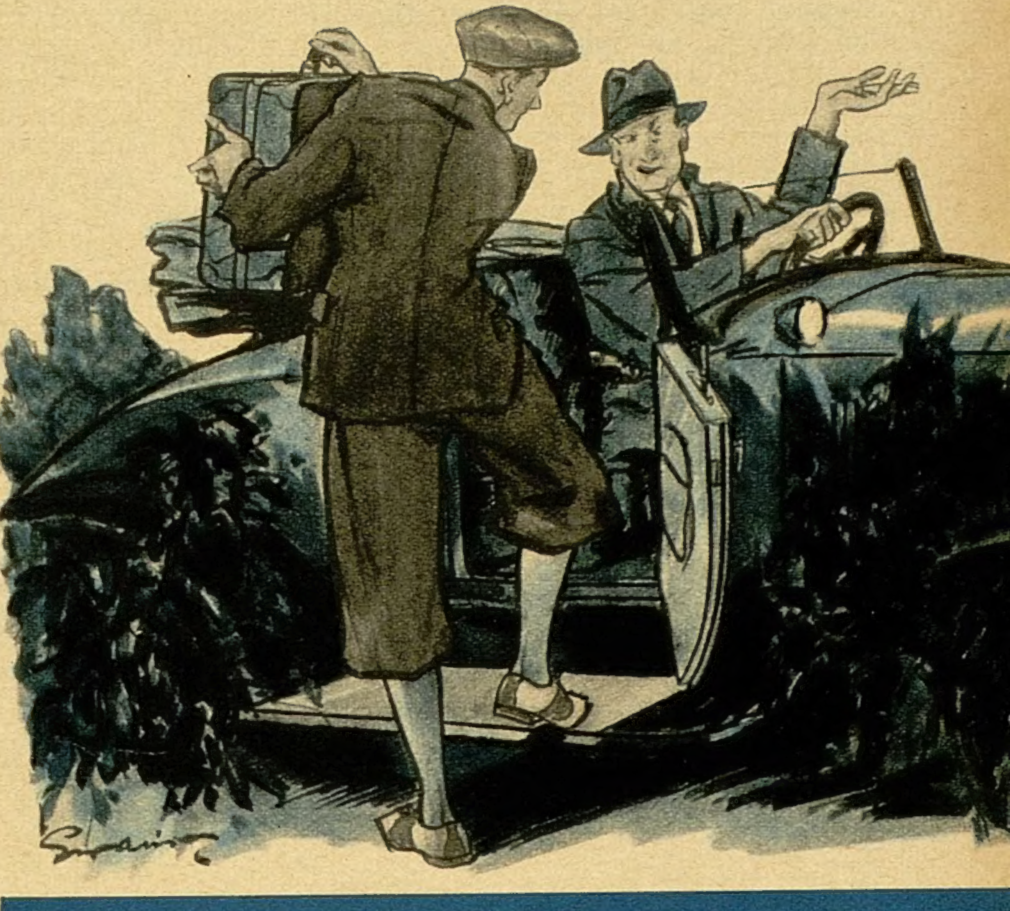
Swazey leaned over the rail, shook his fist, and addressed the captain in a language he understood.

The captain's mouth remained open during the tirade. It was something of a surprise to hear such a linguist as Swazey speaking from the deck of a yacht. Somehow it restored his faith in mankind. When Swazey finished he smiled.

"Why didn't you say you wanted to sail there? Go on like you are till you come to a big spar sticking out of the water. Then head in under the bridges."

The Electra drew away. Swazey turned importantly.

"It's child's play," he said, "child's play. Just go on till you come to a big spar stickin' out of de water, and turn to de left under de bridges."



"A burglar can't drive right up to the front door, can he?"

Before they reached the spar Beadle saw the bridges and the mouth of the river. He headed in and began to look for a place to land, so that he could walk on to a bridge and make arrangements about having it opened. As they approached it he threw out the clutches, and the boat drifted at snail's pace with the tide. A little fishing sloop with a high mast putt-putted past, heading straight and fearlessly at the bridge.

"My goodness!" said Beadle. "He will break his mast!"

"Naw," said Swazey. "He'll fold it up."

They watched intently. Presently the little boat's skipper put a whistle to his lips and blew a shrill toot. Beadle, fascinated, saw the lines of automobiles stop and the bridge swing open. He jumped gayly on to the clutches and followed the sloop.

"Now I wonder," said Beadle, "how he managed that!"

"Nerts," said Swazey. "He's probably de brother-in-law of de guy what owns de bridge. We could do it too if we was a brother-in-law."

BEADLE was thinking. It was incredible to him that one little whistle had stopped all those cars, but there seemed no denying it. He looked around him for buttons to push that might be connected with a whistle. There weren't any, but he found a little chain hanging from the ceiling and reached up and pulled it. At once an ear-splitting blast rent the heavens. He turned to Swazey.

"That makes us a brother-in-law," he said.

The fishing boat ahead of them pulled to one side. Beadle gave the engines a little more gas and they swashed past it. He began to sing, "A life on the ocean wave—a home on the roll-ing deep—" He was very happy. But Swazey cut short the song.

"Say," he said, "when do we eat?"

Beadle, now that Swazey had brought the subject up, found that he too was very hungry. He had not eaten since dinner the night before.

When the Electra swung round to face the tide and the anchor showed its intention of holding, the two of them set about exploring what Beadle referred to as the bowels of the ship—an expression which confused his lieutenant and caused him embarrassment. The tour began at Beadle's (or Milton Sands', if you prefer it) stateroom and ended in the galley.

Milton Sands provided well on the Electra: cans of everything imaginable lined the galley cupboards, and in the electric ice box were cold meats and, much better than that, several bottles of champagne. They lunched in the galley. Then they repaired to the deck house. Swazey struggled with the anchor and they got under way again.

ALL afternoon they sailed up the winding stream. At dusk they passed under the broad white arch of a highway bridge, swung round a last wide turn of the river, and saw ahead of them the smoky outline of New Brunswick. Swazey nodded toward the city, sniffed once, and the scent of civilization blew the pure resolutions of the marshland country clean out of him.

" Fact'ries," he said. " Good pickin's! "

Beadle looked at him sadly. He respected Swazey's abilities as a burglar and could imagine occasions when they might come in handy, but he wanted no traffic with cities and courts and lawyers.

" No," said Beadle.

Swazey looked his disappointment.

" O. K., pal."

Beadle threw out the clutches. The river, he saw, grew shallow by the town. On the left side of it was a high grass-covered bank. Sailing apparently toward them along the top of the bank, he saw a boat. At first he thought it was a mirage; then his eye followed the high bank to its beginning and he saw the rough wooden gates of a lock. He nudged Swazey.

" The canal! " he said. He was excited because he knew he had found the inland waterway south and was proud of it. Swazey was unmoved. He said, " What canal? "

" *The* canal—it goes to Florida. See? "

" See what? " said Swazey, staring about him.

" There! " Beadle pointed.

Swazey glanced at the lock. " So *that's* the canal, eh? "

He said it in such a challenging, disgusted sort of way that Beadle laughed. He steered the Electra alongside an empty wharf and let her coast to a stop.

" Make her fast to the posts there! "

Swazey, turning from his sorrowful contemplation of the lock gates, stepped ashore. They made fast with lines that lay coiled on the deck, then went back aboard.

" I think," said Beadle, " we might have a drink."

" You *t'ink!* " said Swazey, and disappeared below.

PRESENTLY Swazey returned with a bottle of whisky and two ponies. Beadle smiled and told him to go below and bring ice and tall glasses and mineral water. Swazey snapped his fingers in his quaint gesture of apology and hurried on his errand. When he came back Beadle poured the drinks. He raised his glass and nodded to Swazey, who followed suit. A deep swallow of the cool drink slid down his throat.

They heard the soft splash of well handled oars from the skiffs belonging to three shanty scows anchored off a sort of playground. Beadle lazily wondered what kind of people lived on them. They were unpleasant, dirty-looking things, these scows, long since abandoned by towing companies as unfit for service.

As Beadle looked away from them he felt that someone was staring at the back of his neck. He looked up at the dock, which was still above them, since the tide was only halfway in. A girl was standing there gazing down at him. Beadle couldn't see much of her, except that she looked, even in the half light, indescribably poor and dirty. He thought she was probably imagining him a " wealthy sportsman," which was what the newspapers sometimes had called him, and envying him. He wondered if she would stop being interested, like Madelaine, if she knew he had lost his money. He nudged Swazey and said, " Won't you come aboard? "

The girl started at the sound of his voice.

" Naw," she said. " I went aboard a yacht once."

It was definitely an exit line, but she stayed and continued to stare. Beadle instinctively liked her better for not giggling and darting off. Swazey, masculine and candid under the influence of the highball, muttered, " Nerts! Women! " and scowled. Beadle kicked him.

The girl said, " Why did you kick your friend? "

" He said something I didn't like."

" About me? "

" Not about anything. I just didn't like it."

" Where're you bound? South? "

" South."

" Florida? " asked the girl. She said it, " *Flah*riddah."

" Yes."

" Aw, gee! "

She walked away to the end of the wharf and disappeared. Presently Beadle heard the sound of oars against oarlocks just astern of the Electra. He got up and went over to the rail. A rowboat slid out from the dock and headed across the river. He watched it until the rower drove it out of sight into the darkness. He stood there long after it had gone. He wasn't as contented as he had been. The girl with her tattered clothes and her " Aw, gee! " had depressed him.

Beadle and Swazey dined well. Afterward Swazey talked. He told stories; but the stories were all alike. All his anecdotes began with, " I remember de time I was all set for de [bank, second-story, housebreak, or stick-up] job—" Here he would laugh. " It was dis way." At eight thirty they went to bed.

At about two o'clock Beadle sat bolt upright in his berth. From across the river there came a woman's screams, followed by cries for help.

In next week's installment you will read what happened after Beadle Preece and Swazey, the burglar, were awakened by the woman's screams, and of their hilarious trip to the Harvard-Yale regatta at New London.

U. S. Navy photo

GLORY

By HARRY A. BRUNO with WM. S. DUTTON

The Discouraging Plight of the Famous Flyers Who Risked Their Lives to Make Aviation History

(Reading time: 21 minutes 50 seconds.)

IN Paris the Chamber of Deputies was in session. As members bustled to and from their seats, pausing for a word here, nodding there, each the center of his own big or little whirlpool of interest, they brushed unheeding by the lonely figure of a stocky, ruddy-faced man watching the proceedings from a post by a window.

None recognized him. Only a few gave him so much as a glance. In all that crowded hall he alone seemed friendless, until a newspaper man stopped, said a brief greeting, and hurried on.

"Who was he?" an American spectator asked later.

"Oh, just the greatest of all Allied air heroes," said the reporter; "the man to whom all France looked a few years ago to beat your Lindbergh to Paris. In case you've forgotten, his name is René Fonck."

"We don't forget so soon in America," said the visitor. "We set our heroes on pedestals and keep them there."

I wonder!

In an obscure corner of a New York newspaper recently I chanced upon a five-line notice sandwiched between a lawyer's promise of cheap Mexican divorces and an anonymous plea to an absent husband to come home. The notice advertised courses in flying, welding and mechanics, such as are given by a hundred and one other schools scattered over the country. In fact, the only detail of this five-line "reader" that distinguished it at all was the name of its sponsor, Clarence D. Chamberlin, who after his flight from New York to Germany in 1927 seemed pointed for undying fame. Receptions given him abroad and at home at the time were second only to Lindbergh's. Seven nations honored him.

One bleak day last winter another pilot dropped in at my home for a chat. He had just been offered a job by one of the big commercial air lines.

"They told me," he said, smiling wryly, "that the best they could do was to start me in as a co-pilot at fifty dollars a week, which would give me a chance to work my way up to a full pilot."

This friend has since found a more thrilling opportunity, but at the time he seriously needed a job. His name is Bernt Balchen, world-famous hero of the Byrd trans-Atlantic and South Pole flights and by many considered the greatest of all living airmen.

These men and many like them, trail blazers of the future's transocean air routes, were world figures less than five years ago—heroes of an adulatory publicity such as few have received. I know, because it was my job to direct and control it. And, true enough, in America we built our pedestals freely and high. We were prodigal both with headlines and cheers. But, ironically, about the only thing that is deader than a yesterday's headline is a yesterday's cheer.

Today, of the survivors of that gallant band of birdmen whose daring hops thrilled whole nations and gave aviation its greatest impetus since the war, the majority are either in obscure jobs or jobless. Virtually all have endured disappointments and difficulties from which they seemed forever exempt. The glory that was theirs has departed on wings swift and sure as their own epoch-making planes.

Recently I checked the post-flight history of trans-oceanic aviators with whom I have coöperated during the past five years, either as their personal representative or as the agent of a manufacturer whose equipment they carried. Eighteen are dead. Thirteen have, at some time or other, been tangled in financial difficulties and lawsuits; six in marital troubles. Thirteen have quarreled with the partners or managers of their perilous adventures—one pair came to the verge of a duel. Three have been either temporarily or permanently grounded—an official form of discipline that can forbid even an ocean-spanning pilot the air.

To some have occurred two or more of these misadventures. To others life has been so dull and humdrum that there is no newspaper mention of any sort concerning them. Great fellows, great friends, great flyers all, not one of them today is occupying an executive post with an air line, a factory, or an airport, though every phase of commercial aviation was spurred to a spectacular growth by the exploits in which they risked their lives.

Excepting Lindbergh alone. And to him, for whom fame did most, fate has dealt the cruelest blow of all. Five years ago the most envied man on earth, as this is written he is probably the most universally pitied. An epic period in aviation ended with the kidnaping and murder of Lindbergh's infant son, and it ended as it began—on a tragic note.

I have often been asked, as one who was behind the scenes, to give my version of what made these airmen the popular idols that they became. The men and their feats, especially in the case of Lindbergh, were the deciding factors, no doubt, but the biggest factor of all was the emotional state of you, me, and the public at the time. That was built up by a swift succession of events, by accident and death, until sheer relief at Lindbergh's safe arrival in Paris turned us overnight into a nation of frenzied hero makers.

Go back with me to that spring of 1927 when the first of these men, gallant and hopeful, were tuning up engines and tightening rigging in a straining effort to win the $25,000 offered for the first New York-Paris flight.

In France, Nungesser and Coli were making ready for their trans-Atlantic hop westward into oblivion. At Mitchel Field, Long Island, Davis and Wooster, with the coöperation of the Army, the Navy, and the American Legion, were feverishly hurrying preparations for the hop eastward to Paris. At Teterboro, New Jersey, the Fokker plant was rushing to completion a plane for Byrd's attempt; he alone disavowed interest in the prize.

At Roosevelt Field Levine was tuning up his Columbia and squabbling with prospective pilots. Fonck had crashed in an attempted take-off the previous year and

takes WINGS

two of his crew had been killed, but the plucky French war ace was back at Curtiss Field ready to face the Atlantic again. In the background were such famous flyers as Bernt Balchen, Acosta, Noville, Floyd Bennett, and Chamberlin, while out on the Pacific coast was a youngster, then practically unknown, named Lindbergh, who planned to fly the ocean alone.

It was a race to get off first, with Lindbergh granted the slimmest chance to win. For that matter, however, few knew that Lindbergh was in the contest. Few knew him at all.

This was the picture that Dick Blythe, my partner, and I stepped into that spring. We represented, as public relations counsel, the Wright Company, with whose engines all the planes but Fonck's were equipped; the Fokker plant; the Pioneer Instrument Company; Davis and Wooster—and later Lindbergh and most of the other flyers who became famous through transoceanic hops.

DIMLY, at the time, the public knew of this group of flyers seemingly intent on committing spectacular suicide in mid-Atlantic. But it knew nothing of the dissensions, jealousies, rumors, and suspicions that harassed the actors in this drama and made our position a delicate one. It was only natural, of course, that nerves should be on edge. Every man there that spring was risking his life on a desperate chance. Each was trying to keep his plane and preparations secret from the others.

Then suddenly the drama, slowly building, as in the hands of an experienced playwright, crashed into an explosive series of climaxes which made that little air center the most conspicuous spot on earth and drew nerves already taut to the breaking point.

The American Legion, which was the Davis-Wooster plane, was christened one Saturday in April. After the ceremony I waved a parting "Good luck!" to the boys as they took off and headed southward. The plane was to be flown to its factory at Bristol, Pennsylvania, for a final inspection, and then on to Langley Field, near Washington, for the load tests with sand and lead ballast.

As I drove from Mitchel Field late in the afternoon, I mentally checked over the situation. Le-

Photo by Captain Alfred G. Buckham

vine had not yet straightened out his pilot difficulties. Byrd's plane was still at Teterboro undergoing tests. Lindbergh had not yet left the Pacific coast. Fonck's plane was not yet completed. It looked as if The American Legion was going to be the first ship off for Paris.

Blythe had stayed home that day owing to an infection of his knee. We were "baching" together in an apartment hotel on Seventh Avenue. I was still a block from it when I heard my name shouted. Blythe, hatless and clad only in pyjamas and a bath robe, came hobbling down the street between two hotel porters.

"Hell's broke loose!" he said. "Byrd's plane just cracked up. Bennett and Noville are both hurt."

While the porters boosted Blythe, bath robe and all, into the car, I threw in the clutch and we started at top speed for Teterboro.

It was nearing dusk when we reached the air field. We found the America with her nose buried in the earth and Byrd and Fokker berating each other. Bennett and Noville had been taken to a hospital. A crowd had gathered and was swarming about the damaged ship.

Quickly I had ropes stretched to keep the crowd back. Both Byrd and Fokker had lost their heads. Byrd charged Fokker with having wrecked the America deliberately. Fokker's retorts to Byrd would have burned the paper if they had been printed. Such was Byrd's mood that though his wrist was broken he did not know it.

YET what had happened had been nobody's fault. The ship had taken off on a test flight with Bennett and Fokker at the dual controls and Noville at the radio, and at the last minute Byrd had jumped in as a passenger. Fokker acted as pilot. In bringing the heavily loaded ship down he hit a soft spot on the ground and nosed over.

The engine was jammed back into Bennett's chest, causing injuries that kept him out of the flight to France and later contributed to his death.

Byrd, then a lieutenant commander, was never to forgive Fokker, and Fokker has yet to forgive Byrd's accusations. Thus was opened the first breach between men who had joined hands to conquer the Atlantic by air—the first of many.

Next Levine's Columbia, for which Chamberlin had been engaged as pilot a day or two before, came within a hair of disaster when it lost a landing wheel while in the air. An ambulance was waiting, horrified spectators expected a crash, when only Chamberlin's consummate skill saved his own and three other lives in a daring one-wheel landing. However, the Columbia was damaged and temporarily out of the race.

Then, a few days later, I was called to the long-distance telephone. Davis and Wooster in The American Legion had crashed over the salt marshes of Virginia. Both men were dead.

Suddenly the publicity spotlight which had played over us before turned its full blaze on the little group of nerve-straining flying men on the Atlantic seaboard. And the play rushed on.

Nungesser, the French war ace who, as he once told me, was "strung together" with surgeon's silver wire, took off with Coli from Paris for New York. The two vanished somewhere over the Atlantic. For three days a tense world waited for news of them. It was still waiting when Lindbergh set down his plane on Long Island.

In one leap the young mail pilot had flown from San Diego to St. Louis. In a second leap he had come to Curtiss Field—alone.

"What!" gasped the world, thinking of Nungesser and Coli, of Davis and Wooster, of the injured Bennett, of Fonck's disastrous effort and its two dead. "Not this boy too! Why, he's only a boy!"

Tragedy had set the stage, had assembled the audience, and now fear for a youth gripped watching millions in a tense suspense. No playwright could have better timed the entrance of his hero or more skillfully built up his plot.

One after another that spring and summer they took off—first Lindbergh, then Chamberlin and Levine, then Byrd's America. And after them at intervals of weeks and seasons more than threescore others soared away into fame or oblivion—Brock and Schlee, Ruth Elder and Haldeman, the Bremen flyers, Mears and Collyer, Kingsford-Smith, Post and Gatty.

They spanned the oceans, hurdled continents, encircled the globe. Kings and governments loaded them with medals. Tons of ticker tape and shredded telephone directories were showered over them in parades. Orators promised them everlasting renown and we all cheered ourselves hoarse.

Yes, we built pedestals for these birdmen, and we built them high. In those days we were in a hero-making mood and we did a good job of it. But now we see our hero worship's aftermath. Fonck in the Chamber of Deputies was a symbol of it. So was that obscure five-line ad that appeared

(Continued on page sixteen)

Calvin Coolidge's Message

The recent death of Calvin Coolidge, terminating as it did a life of conscientious effort and strict adherence to the highest American ideals, recalls an exclusive message to the American people delivered through Macfadden Publications in October, 1923, a short time after he took the oath of office. The message, even more applicable at present than it was then, follows:

WHAT America needs today is industry, courage and patience. There is no result which is worth while that is not secured by hard work. Men need to dare to undertake what they can do; they need to have courage to refuse to undertake what they cannot do.

There is even a greater need of patience. What can be quickly won is without value. Character and stability come only as the result of long application.

If America would stop trying to get rich quick, and faithfully and courageously go to work, it would get rich soon.

More than this, riches would be an attribute of stability and character. Those of us who have faith in men and faith in America believe that this is coming to pass. Let such faith be predicated on industry, courage and patience.

Calvin Coolidge

EVERYTHING'S FUN . . . .

IF YOU FREE YOUR BODY OF POISONS—WITH SAL HEPATICA!

BEAUTY — Bright eyes, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, life, charm —you are no longer a person half-awake. Start Sal Hepatica now! Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you really want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons and wastes —and your clean, poison-free blood will give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

SOME people always feel wide-awake and on-their-toes. They're the ones who really enjoy living! But most people have days when they feel half-sick and half-alive and down-at-the-mouth.

If your system is clogged with poisons, you don't expect to feel top-notch. You have colds and headaches and pains. You feel pretty rotten and look the part!

The very next time you wake up feeling like that, stir a couple of teaspoons of Sal Hepatica into a big glass of water, and drink down the sparkling mixture. Soon the wastes and poisons which are clogging your digestive tract will be flushed away —and flushed away gently.

Is Sal Hepatica, then, "just another laxative"? It is far more! Sal Hepatica is a *saline*, and salines are recommended by physicians both here and abroad. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines as do the health springs at the famous European spas—Carlsbad, Wiesbaden and Aix.

It is for this reason that Sal Hepatica is splendid for colds, headaches, and skin-blemishes. It counteracts acid in the system, and combats rheumatism. It tones up the system, and makes you feel fine.

Try this saline method of keeping your body free of poisons! Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. You'll feel better—and you'll look a hundred per cent better!

CONSTIPATION

Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation —take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE

To relieve congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

COLDS

The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION

To keep the bloodstream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM

As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.

Sal Hepatica

Sal Hepatica

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Kindly send me the free booklet, which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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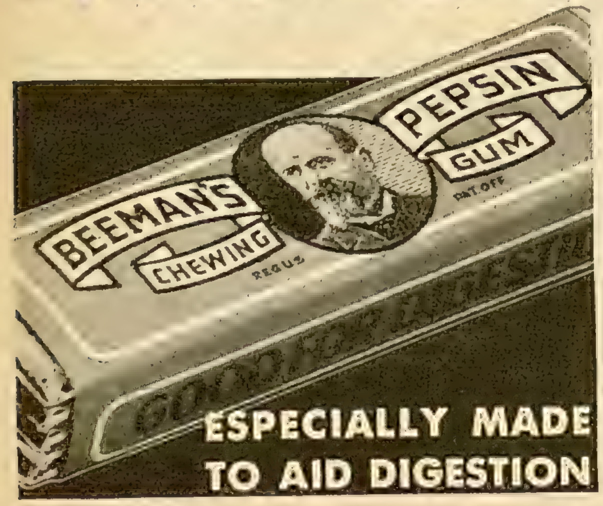
"Hold back the crowds". That's what you almost expect. You feel so radiant—so beautiful. You have so much pep when your digestion is good.

But lots of people have a little indigestion without knowing it. They don't realize what makes them feel tired and restless. That's why so many chew Beeman's regularly. It's a delicious chewing gum that helps keep your digestion "just perfect". Chew it every day.

Chew
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



(Continued from page fourteen)

in a New York newspaper.

They called Lindbergh lucky. Clarence Chamberlin might have been nicknamed "the Unlucky." No two men more dissimilar than he and Levine could have been teamed in an ocean flight.

Levine, ex-junk dealer, flew with his eye on the spotlight, yet with a paradoxical indifference to public opinion that was equaled only by his contempt for danger. The showman in him saw the public only in terms of box-office receipts.

Chamberlin, too, flew for glory, but mainly in the sense that glory would mean that he had made good in his chosen calling. Shy and modest, he preferred obscurity by instinct. Yet he wanted earnestly to get on in the aviation world. The trans-Atlantic flight seemed his logical opportunity, despite the inconvenience of being a hero should he succeed.

Chamberlin's first unlucky break was that loss of a landing wheel—a loss, as events proved, that cost him and Levine the $25,000 prize and first honors in the dash for Paris. Two weeks after Lindbergh's triumph the pair took off for Berlin and landed only 108 miles short of their goal. This was 300 miles farther than Lindbergh had flown. While Europe outdid itself in acclaiming the flyers, Chamberlin's bad luck still dogged his heels.

Levine and he disagreed. Rumors of this got into the newspapers. And while the two, for appearances, kept up the semblance of harmony, the sour note had been struck. Presently they parted company. Chamberlin returned to America alone.

IN the meantime Byrd and his crew of Balchen, Acosta, and Noville had flown from New York to Ver-sur-Mer on the northern French coast. Chamberlin had to share his reception in Paris and later in New York with them. News pictures invariably showed him at the end of the line or peering over somebody's shoulder. His civilian garb was drab beside the naval uniforms of Noville and Byrd. He was a poor speaker in public, ill at ease.

Yet he was popular. The public recognized him as an able pilot. The future seemed to hold big things for him. He has real engineering skill, a research type of mind, patience to drive through hard laboratory problems. It is a distinct loss to aviation that his talents have never been utilized under proper business guidance.

As it was, his only faults, a too generous and too trusting nature and lack of business acumen, led him into unfortunate undertakings. People imposed on him, including promoters with stock to sell. A company which he headed to manufacture airplanes went into a receivership. Through the misrepresentations of others he became involved in lawsuits. His property was attached by a disgruntled former associate.

Now he is teaching novices to fly, giving free lectures to attract pupils, and on Sundays you may find him at Floyd Bennett Field taking up tittering girls and their important-looking swains for an air ride. Anyone with a few dollars to spend can hire one of aviation's outstanding figures for his air chauffeur.

And associated with Chamberlin, engaged in the same prosaic work, are Roger Q. Williams, who flew with Yancey to Rome to receive the highest honor that could be conferred by the Italian government; Clyde Pangborn, who with Herndon girdled the globe; and Captain Alexander Magyar, who in 1931 piloted the Justice to Hungary from New York to his native land.

"How is it going, Clarence?" I asked Chamberlin some time ago.

"Oh, fair," was his answer; "but times, you know, aren't so good."

He has no complaint of the world. When a brother flyer is to be honored he is always present. He is ready to give his help to those flyers who need it. Earnestly Clarence Chamberlin is still trying to make good.

AS to Levine, he has been in one tangle after another with the courts, at home and abroad. Trouble has been his boon companion. One venture, the building of a huge plane which he called the Uncle Sam, cost him $225,000. The big ship was exhibited, flown a few times, and then scrapped as a total loss. Nobody was willing to risk his life in it.

Oddly enough, all three of the ocean-crossing pilots now associated with Chamberlin in his flying school have had quarrels similar to his with the partners of their great gambles with space.

Williams and Yancey do not speak. Even during their world flight Pangborn and Herndon were hardly on speaking terms, and since there has been open dissension between the two. So bitter became the quarrel between the Hungarians, Magyar and Captain Georges Endres, his flying partner (now dead), that only action by the Hungarian government prevented them from fighting a duel.

A trying, nerve-straining business is this conquering of oceans and continents by air, but not a whit less trying is the aftermath. Ask Balchen—or Acosta—or even Byrd.

Next to Lindbergh, Balchen is probably the most popular flyer in aviation today. In my opinion he is one of the ablest. He aided Byrd to get off in his North Pole flight. He was at the controls of the Byrd plane during most of its trip across the Atlantic, and by his coolness and skill saved the expedition from disaster. Back in America he risked his life with Floyd Bennett, who gave his, to rescue the Bremen flyers from Greenely Island. He piloted Byrd over the South Pole.

Add to all this the fact that Balchen is more than a master pilot—that he is also a mechanic, an engineer, an inventor, a student and leader of men

—and it becomes a bit difficult to understand why even for a day he was out of a job, with a co-pilot's berth at fifty dollars a week the best thing in sight at the time.

Balchen would make an excellent executive. There is nothing having to do with aviation that he cannot do, or that he is not willing to do. He would sweep streets if by so doing he could further a project in which he was engaged. Any commercial air transport company might make him its vice president in charge of operations and profit by his wide knowledge and experience—but none has.

It was my fortune to recommend Balchen for his first steady job in this country. This was with Fokker, as chief test pilot. It was largely due to Fokker's own insistence that Byrd included Balchen in his America crew, but Byrd needed no urging to take Balchen to the South Pole. He recognized merit.

After the South Pole adventure, Balchen was again employed by Fokker as chief. But Fokker sold his company and the new owners had a chief test pilot of their own. Balchen lost his rank and later his job. His new employers blamed the depression.

Until Lincoln Ellsworth engaged Balchen as pilot for the expedition he is now preparing for the antarctic, this premier aviator was an odd-job man, testing a ship here, flying somebody there, lecturing.

BERT ACOSTA is next on my list. In that spring of 1927 he was a leading figure in American aviation. He had been a civilian instructor in the army air corps and had trained many of our best wartime pilots. After the war he became chief test pilot for Curtiss.

I recall an incident that occurred when Bert made the first test of a tri-motor biplane. Cameramen complained to me that Acosta did not fly low enough. It is a dangerous business to fly low in the first test of a new ship, but I spoke to Bert anyway.

"Jump in here and show me what the boys want," he suggested.

Followed one of the wildest flights of my life. Acosta flew so low over the cameramen that he made them lie on the ground.

The man has more friends among aviators than any other pilot I know, and I know most of the big ones. When pilots gather, they will say unanimously that if there is any such thing as a natural-born pilot Bert Acosta is it.

Handsome and of dashing appearance, good looks and the limelight have been his curse. Upon his return from Paris with the America crew, women went wild over him. He was wined and dined to his undoing. Today he is not only out of work but his pilot's license has been taken from him.

Noville, the engineering officer of Byrd's North Pole and South Pole flights and the radio operator of the America, recently dropped in at my office. He is to go again with Byrd

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We're betting that the trial tube will make you a customer for the regular one

It takes nerve to enter the shaving cream field today; competition is fierce; a cream must be exceptional or fail automatically.

We are so certain of the merit and quality of Listerine Shaving Cream that we are willing to send you a free sample of it. Such samples cost money, but our experience has taught us that, once a man tries Listerine Shaving Cream, he becomes a regular customer and buys the large 25¢ tube eagerly.

In the last six months, more than fifty thousand men have switched from former favorites to Listerine Shaving Cream. In every case, the trial tube convinced them of its superior qualities. You will immediately discover these merits yourself.

See how quickly Listerine Shaving Cream lathers . . . with brush or without. In hot water, warm water, cold water—even ice water.

Note how that balmy, satin-like lather lasts—does not dry, harden, or "fall down;" thick, creamy, soothing, at all times.

Be on the lookout, too, for that delightfully cool, fresh feeling that this unusual cream imparts to the skin; no redness, no rawness, no burning.

Lastly, bear in mind that the regular size tube contains 104 shaves and sells for 25¢. That's the common sense price for a quality product. To pay more is folly.

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to the antarctic, but at the time of his visit he was selling a luminous paint for aircraft.

"What about the other flying men that were with you on the South Pole expedition?" I asked him.

He named them over. They had all believed that the prestige of going with Byrd would lead swiftly and surely to responsible executive posts upon their return. Well, Harold June is back in the navy; Alton Parker, formerly of the Marine Corps, is now doing commercial flying on the Pacific coast; Dean Smith is flying the mail just as he was before; and I have already told of Balchen.

Both financially and in glory won, "Dick" Byrd has made out better than any other aviation hero. Lindbergh's fame and fortune were thrust upon him unsought. Byrd had to work for what he got. His expeditions were large, costly. He had to organize and to arrange for the financing of them. He had to attract able associates.

And his expeditions got through. The navy made him a rear admiral. He became hailed as the hero of heroes.

The highest honors we have to bestow have been heaped upon Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd.

But few heroes of the air or elsewhere have been subjected to more below-the-surface gossip than has Byrd. The whispering galleries of New York and Washington have seethed with merciless stories. One of these, that Byrd made $500,000 out of his South Pole trip while his men got little or nothing, he has answered with the statement that the expedition wound up heavily in debt.

FOKKER, still burning, attacked Byrd in a book—a little literary effort, incidentally, that was the Dutch designer's swan song to America and did not add to his popularity in his native Holland. And last spring Captain Frederick C. Melville, who commanded the flagship of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, stated in a speech that half of the crew of eighty who sailed with Byrd were in straitened circumstances, lacking jobs and having little prospect of getting any, and that he himself, with the exception of a few months, had been out of work since his return.

Perhaps the most spectacular and best executed of all the famous flights was that of Post and Gatty around the world. Their feat was magnificent. Their reception in New York City upon their return was all that could be desired. For twelve days they were on the front pages of the nation. They toured the country amid cheers.

Yet today Post is back in Oklahoma selling airplanes, and Gatty is earning $500 a month as a civilian instructor in navigation with the United States Army Corps.

Kingsford-Smith, the Australian, also received world acclaim. His flight across the Pacific from San Francisco to Australia was hailed by many as the greatest long-distance flight ever. He added to his laurels by flying around the world and by breaking records between England and Australia. Now he is hopping tourists at Sydney at three dollars a hop.

CHECKING down my list I find such famous flyers as George Haldeman and Errol Boyd acting as private air chauffeurs. Art Goebel, winner of the Dole prize, is testing and demonstrating planes in Texas. Floyd Bennett, Ben Eielson, "Shorty" Cramer, Bill Brock, Wilmer Stultz, and others are dead—or unmentioned in the news.

Both women who survived the Atlantic crossing made out well. Ruth Elder is by no means forgotten. Amelia Earhart is married to George Palmer Putnam, the publisher. Miss Earhart was vice president of an air line for a time, and last May, of course, made a second crossing of the Atlantic, alone, which placed her in the forefront of woman flyers.

And—yes, one other, a man, also fulfilled his dream with no bitter awakening. His name was Baron Gunther von Huenefeld, who flew in the Bremen with Koehl and Fitzmaurice. The irony of this one triumph is that von Huenefeld entered upon his great adventure doomed by cancer, and knowing it.

The Bremen flight marked the first nonstop westward crossing of the Atlantic by air. It came after eight failures and the loss of seven lives, and unquestionably did much toward lessening the war-aroused bitterness of America toward Germany. The latter result was the most that von Huenefeld hoped for. He sought neither gain nor glory for himself.

The man was inspired by an almost fanatical passion for his Fatherland. In pain much of the time, his patriotic zeal drove him on to fulfill his

Next Week—

THE MYSTERY OF THE HEAD IN THE KREMLIN

An astounding revelation of a Soviet secret and why an impostor can never reclaim the throne of the murdered Czar

By

Iliodor, the Mad Monk

(Sergius Trufanoff)

Also stories and articles by Rupert Hughes, Frank Leon Smith, James Hopper, Robert Benchley, and others

mission. Just before one of his first speeches in New York I found him doubled up in agony.

"Please," I begged, "let me cancel your part of the program."

"This is nothing," he said, and smiled. "Only a little trouble that I have grown used to. Don't worry. I'll be ready when my turn comes."

Later, having mastered himself, he added: "Bruno, something bigger than I pushes me on, holds me up."

I was to learn, as we worked together, that the scene I had witnessed was a common one with von Huenefeld.

When he spoke in public, he often trembled, something which audiences interpreted as an excessive zeal for his subject. The real cause lay deeper than that.

Once in my apartment I thoughtlessly opened a closet door in his presence. Hanging in full view was the dress uniform of an Austrian officer. Blythe, who was with the Gordon Highlanders in 1915, had taken the uniform in an attack.

Von Huenefeld stared at the uniform. His face became white. "I see the war is not over," he said sharply.

OBVIOUSLY under a strain, he walked over to the mantelpiece. By chance he stopped before a framed copy of the poem, In Flanders Fields. A poet himself, he read any poetry instinctively on sight, and so he read this. He read it through. Then he turned.

"Yes, the war is over," he said feelingly, "and that is a good thing. Never will America and Germany fight again."

Today he is dead. Koehl is lecturing in Germany and sponsoring a new tailless plane. Fitzmaurice is in America out of a job.

But wait. Out of a job, did I say? Not Fitz! He is scheming, dreaming of new worlds to conquer, of new oceans and continents to span. And so, too, are Byrd, and Balchen, and Wilkins, and Boardman, and Post, and Williams—the whole gallant crew.

Fate has not daunted them. They laugh at fame's fickleness. They joke at being "broke" and carry on. Call them fools if you will, but there is pioneering yet to do—and these pioneers of the ocean airways to be are again plotting over charts, again sweating to be off and away into space. To a man, they itch to do it again, only more grandly.

In the little exclusive circle of transoceanic flyers there is more talk today of new world flying projects than ever before. And it is serious talk. Planes have been improved tremendously. Pilots have added invaluable knowledge. Speed has shortened space.

The new goal? I ask you not to be startled. It is to girdle the globe by air-refueling—NONSTOP!

No less than Wiley Post believes it can be done!

THE END

WHEN THE "BABE" WAS AS COOL AS AN INGRAM'S SHAVE

PRESS BOX REPORT
BY Bill Corum
Sports Columnist N. Y. Journal

In my game a fellow has to keep cool.

The customers may toss away their hats and pound the little woman between the shoulder blades when a challenger has the champion hanging on the ropes, but a sports writer must remember where he hit him—and with what!

So I prepare by using Ingram's Shaving Cream. You can't be hot and bothered—you don't miss the close ones—when your face is cool and comfortable. Coolness, that's the Ingram prescription—a coolness like the Babe's when the going is rough. And there's a story.

The scene—Wrigley Field, Chicago. The time—the third game of the 1932 World Series. Ruth at the plate. Two strikes on him and the Chicago fans and the Chicago bench riding him for all they are worth.

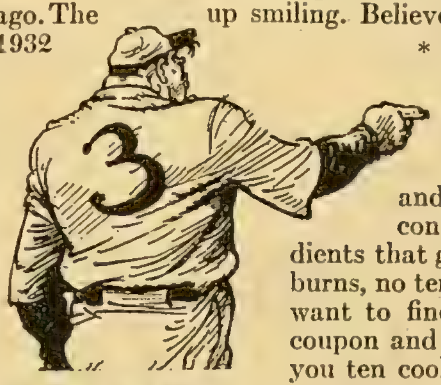
And the Bambino? He tosses a big grin to the Chicago dugout and the cash customers. He holds up two fingers to show he knows all about those two strikes. And then he points to the spot in center field to show where the ball is going—and never coming back!

Up comes the ball! "Hello, you old potato," greets Babe and smacks the longest home run to center field ever seen at Wrigley Field. It was like a golfer standing on a 360-yard hole, telling 50,000 persons he was going to cup the pellet in one—then doing it.

Coolness—that's what I like about the Babe. And that's what I like about Ingram's Shaving Cream. I've been using Ingram's for years and my beard's no push-over. With me it's once over and away in time for Boots and Saddles or the first round bell.

I like the tube better because it's handier on long jumps—but tube or jar—Ingram's is one thing I can take on the chin and come up smiling. Believe me—Bill Corum.

* * *



With Ingram's Shaving Cream it's back to the bench with stingless shaves. Every blue and white jar—every tube—contains three special ingredients that guarantee a "No nicks, no burns, no terrors" performance. If you want to find out why—send us the coupon and a 3¢ stamp and we'll send you ten cool shaves free. You'll like 'em and you'll be back for more.

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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
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Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy in a scene from the hilarious film Me and My Gal.

Cagney Returns to the Screen; Joan Bennett in a New Role; Lionel Atwill as a Monster; and a Kate Smith Feature

By ROB WAGNER

(*Reading time: 7 minutes 55 seconds.*)

THERE are fashions in flickering heroes. In the well known infancy of the films the hero was the Big, Free Man of the West who won the gal by ridin' rough and shootin' straight. During the costume period, maidenly hearts went pitapat over amorous youths engaged in deeds of derring do. Next came the gangsters with hearts of gold. We are now nearing the end of the cycle of go-gettum smart-crackers. James Cagney, the fellow Warner Brothers found hard to handle, returns to the screen in the latter rôle.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ HARD TO HANDLE

CAST

Lefty Merrill, James Cagney; Ruth Waters, Mary Brian; Radio Announcer, Allen Jenkins; Lil Waters, Ruth Donnelly; Marlene Reeves, Claire Dodd; John Hayden, Gavin Gordon; Mrs. Hawks, Emma Dunn; Charles Reeves, Robert McWade; Ed McGrath, John Sheehan; Joe Goetz, Matt McHugh.

Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

The picture opens on one of those goshawful dance marathons. James Cagney is the manager, and Mary Brian, his sweetie, a contestant. The business partner scrams with the prize money, and James is run out of town. He beats it to New York where Mary and her hard-boiled ma have fled.

Another "horror" picture—The Wax Museum—features Lionel Atwill in the leading part. Shown with him in this photograph is Fay Wray.

James promotes one fake after another, alternating between mahogany desks and prison bars.

Mary's ma tries to land him for a son-in-law when he's in the big money, and he's poison to her when he's in jail.

Mary Brian, a pretty girl, becomes almost ugly in an awful blonde wig and unbecoming dresses. Ruth Donnelly clowns the part of Mary's ma, while the others play fairly straight.

★ ★ ★ ME AND MY GAL

CAST

Dan Dolan, Spencer Tracy; Helen Reilly. Joan Bennett; Kate, Marion Burns; Duke, George Walsh; Pop, J. Farrell MacDonald; Baby Face, Noel Madison; Sarge, Henry B. Walthall; Jake, Bert Hanlon; Allan, Adrian Morris; Eddie, George Chandler; Hank, Hank Mann; Police Captain, Emmett Corrigan; Doctor, Lemist Esler.

Directed by Raoul Walsh.
Produced by Fox.

Here, mates, is grand fun and, incidentally, darned good drama. Joan Bennett is a quick-witted, gum-chewing hasher in a coffee dump down on the docks. Spencer Tracy is an Irish cop hanging around. Bert Hanlon, a drunken souse, is a cross for them both, but so ridiculously funny that they can't do anything about it.

Joan's sister, Marion Burns, who works in a bank, has been the sweetie of a crook, George Walsh, and in trying to unload him she marries an amusing sap, George Chandler. Walsh, however, " chisels " the number of a safety-deposit box from the bride and then, with his pals, chisels into the bank and gets away with eighty grand. He hides out in the attic of Marion's house. Come Spencer and Joan to call, and the cop and the crook

Hilarity *and* Horror

have it out, with lilies for the crook.

The story doesn't sound like much, but the high comedy and the dialogue are the brightest you've heard in a long time. J. Farrell MacDonald adds greatly to the hilarity as Joan's terribly Irish dad, and Adrian Morris (Chester's brother) is a most amusing side-kick of Tracy.

★ ★ THE WAX MUSEUM

CAST

Ivan Igor, Lionel Atwill; Charlotte Duncan, Fay Wray; Florence, Glenda Farrell; The Editor, Frank McHugh; Ralph Burton, Allen Vincent; Harold Winton, Gavin Gordon; Joe Worth, Edwin Maxwell; Dr. Rasmussen, Holmes Herbert; Sparrow, Arthur Edmund Carewe; The Detective, Thomas Jackson; The Captain, De Witt Jennings; Hugo, Matthew Betz; Joan Gale, Monica Bannister; The Janitor, Bull Anderson.

Directed by Michael Curtiz.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

Horror stuff has now gone Technicolor!

Lionel Atwill and Edwin Maxwell are partners in a waxworks show in London. Bum business, so Edwin deliberately sets fire to the building. They move to New York. Edwin becomes a bootlegger, and Lionel, with his $25,000 share of fire insurance, builds a million-dollar factory as big as the Crystal Palace and equipped like the Westinghouse Electric plant!

Lionel murders people who look like historic characters, steals their bodies from the morgue, boils 'em in wax, and thus saves 'em for posterity. Fay Wray looks like Marie Antoinette. Alas, poor Fay! Glenda Farrell, sob sister on the Evening Express, exposes the monster, and as a reward she is permitted to marry Frank McHugh, her editor!

★ ★ HELLO, EVERYBODY!

CAST

Kate Smith, Kate Smith; Hunt Blake, Randolph Scott; Lily Smith, Sally Blane; Jed, Charley Grapewin; Mr. Blair, George Barbier; Ettie, Fern Emmett; Thompson, Frank Darien; Mrs. Smith, Julia Swayne Gordon; Mr. Parker, Wade Boteler; Bobby Smith, Jerry Tucker; Betty Smith, Marguerite Campbell; Jonathan Reed, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; Horton, Erville Alderson; Joe, Jack Pennick; Sinclair Eldridge, Edward Davis; Kate's Radio Manager, Ted Collins; Mrs. Thompson, Hallene Hill; Lindle, Paul Kruger; Constable, Lon Poff.

Directed by William A. Seiter.
Produced by Paramount.

Kate Smith is one of the few radio stars whose radiance is increased on the silver screen.

Hello, Everybody! as you might suspect, features Kate Smith as the star. In the photo with her is Sally Blane.

Kate is the big daughter-boss of a family living on a farm. The wicked power fellas are projecting a dam that will ruin the valley. Bitter contest. The invaders send handsome Randolph Scott in to work his manly charms on Kate, but he falls really in love with Sally Blane, Kate's younger sister, ditches the company, and lines up with the farmers.

The power company puts on a show, and as a joke they invite Kate, a yap country gal, to sing. Kate is heard by Ted Collins, an impresario in New York, who dates her up for a national broadcast. Instant success and a salary big enough to force the power bunch to compromise and save her beloved valley.

Sally Blane is charming; Fern Emmett and Frank Darien both help a lot.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood.

James Cagney, shown with Mary Brian, returns to the screen in another film portraying the life of a rough-and-tumble promoter.

The Place of DRAGONS

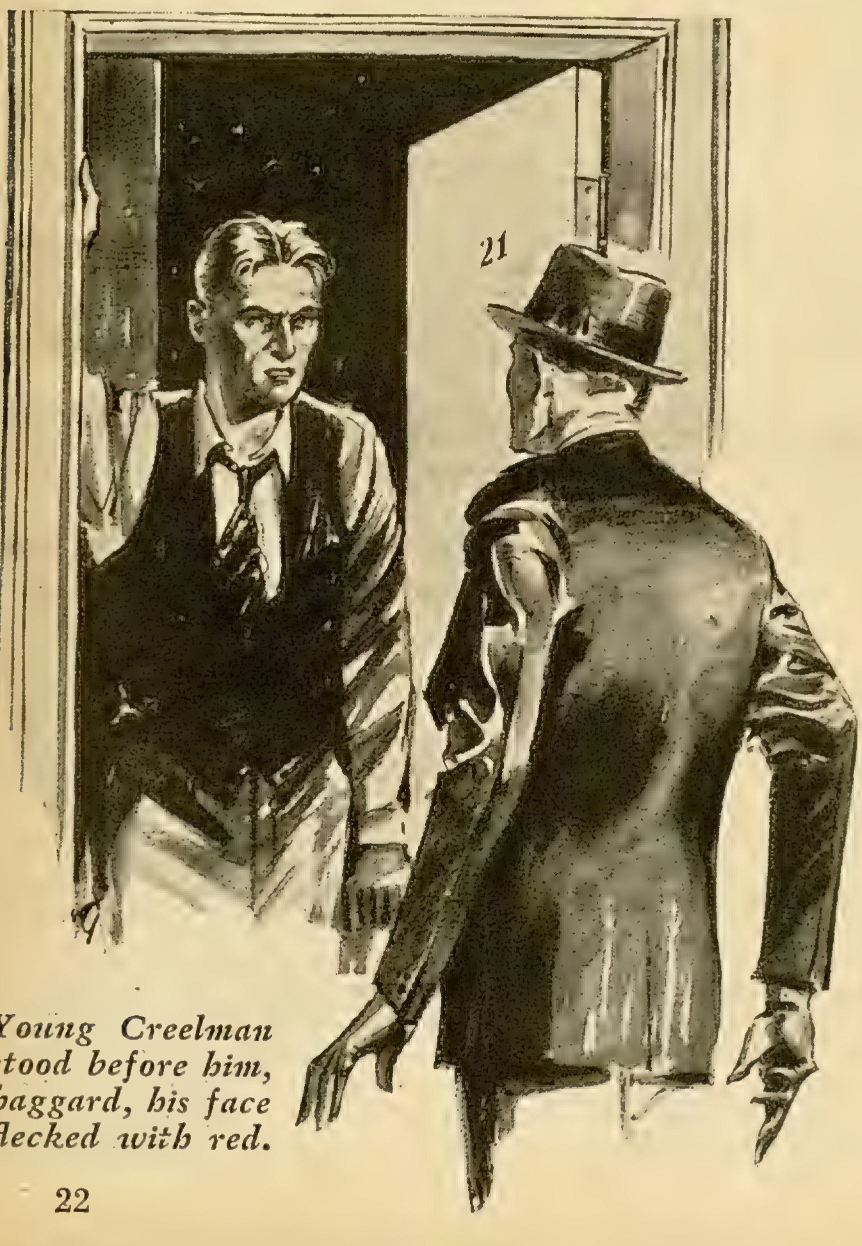
By ALICE GARLAND STEELE

Illustrations by WILL GRAVEN

(Reading time: 30 minutes 7 seconds.)

HENRY CHARD, mopping his damp forehead, gathered his garden tools together and stacked them neatly in the garage. It was six in the morning, and a soft haze hung to the south above the city's sky line. It was still tinged with rose. In an hour or so Henry Chard would be obscured by it, lost in it, along with those other million workers who streamed through the station in search of their daily bread. He would go in and have a shower and his breakfast and let Ella drive him to the station in the flivver, and the darned hard grind would begin! Meanwhile he noted that the lettuce was doing fine.

He stopped a minute on his way to the back door to shoo a robin out of the strawberry bed. He had put in a dozen tiny plants early in April with the optimistic idea of a strawberry shortcake by the Fourth of July, and he wasn't going to let any darned robin spoil it for him. Henry Chard didn't know it, but his garden was the place where he girded himself each day afresh to go out and meet dragons.



Young Creelman stood before him, haggard, his face flecked with red.

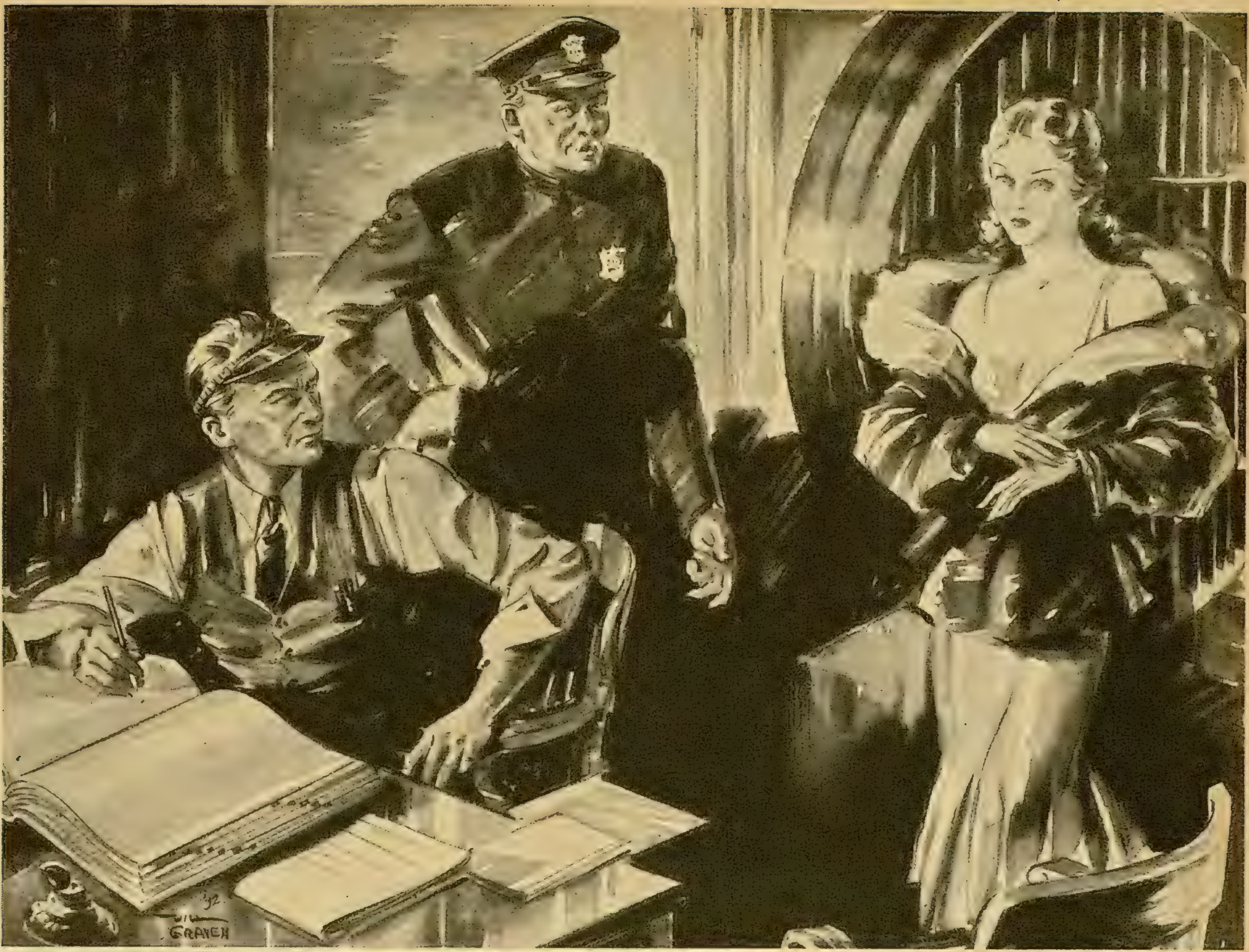
He had worked for twenty years for a trust company in the city. He'd gone in as errand boy and worked up to security clerk. For that matter, Henry's face was security enough for any kind of job, except, according to Ella, a big one. She had told him so, passionately, only the night before.

"What do we get out of it, anyway?" she said. "You work yourself to death for all of them, from the president down. If anyone gets into a mess you straighten it out for him. If someone muddles the ledger, *you* stay late hunting the missing ten-cent piece! Security clerk! A better name would be general utility man! You do every kind of thing for everybody and you haven't the nerve to ask for a decent salary. You just lack *nerve!*"

Which was not exactly true, since he had married Ella.

He had married Ella when they were quite young and neither of them had a penny. But that had turned out all right, according to Henry. According to Ella's parents, she had thrown herself away. Perhaps she had. But it was the last chance life ever gave her to throw away anything. Between saving food in the shape of left-overs, and darning house linen and turning Henry's ties, Ella was forced to a frugality that surprised even herself, and made Henry feel pretty tender about her sometimes, and what she had "done for" him.

At any rate, they owned the flivver. And they had managed, by careful scrimping, to own, together with a certain real-estate corporation, a small house. Sometimes Ella wondered why the real-estate people didn't move into it themselves, they seemed to possess so much the larger share. But in two months now, Henry told himself, the biggest part of the mortgage would be paid off. A matter of three thousand dollars had come to Henry by legacy, and he was saving up the rest, so that after a while they would own it, as he put it cheerfully, "up to the roof!"



"I've come for Jerry," she said. "I'm Mrs. Creelman." Her voice was breathless. She spoke to Henry.

In Which a Woman's Love for Her Husband Makes Two Men Happy

He went in now and changed to his office suit. Then he sat opposite Ella, wordless but contented, and had half a cantaloupe and some coffee while he glanced at the sporting page. Henry always read the sporting page with his pulse beating a little quicker. It added, in a way, to his life to know that there were people who could take time off for the Sharkey-Schmeling fight and the cool green pageant of Bobby Jones on a golf course. Ella used to watch him with a slightly curving lip.

"If you don't hurry you won't get the seven fifty-five."

"Right-o." He finished hastily, caught up his hat, and climbed into the flivver, wishing that it was Sunday, and that he could take a day off. Instead, Ella was driving him by the shortest route to the station. Ella always let him kiss her good-by. She felt she owed that to Henry, if only for the reason that he would never have a chance to kiss any other woman as long as they both lived. Which shows that Ella was in reality a Fundamentalist and stood sturdily for a monogamous world.

But to Henry that kiss was somehow a rite carried over from their wedding day. While Ella drove him to the station he was conscious, in a poignantly tender way, of his wife and his home. Once in the train, however, he became a person of lost identity. A cog among the other millions of cogs that ground the wheel of big business. This morning he was thinking what a darned good wife Ella had made for him, but he said something quite different.

"This suit," said Henry, "looks pretty well since I had it cleaned and pressed. About as good as it did when I bought it."

Ella made a little noise in her throat. Considering the fact that Henry had worn it for three seasons, and that it showed it very plainly, she felt the suit spoke for itself. Instead of answering she asked him the question which had haunted them both for at least four years. "When," she said, "are they going to give you a raise, Henry?"

Henry stared ahead of him into the bright sunshine. "Well," he said, "it ought to happen now any day."

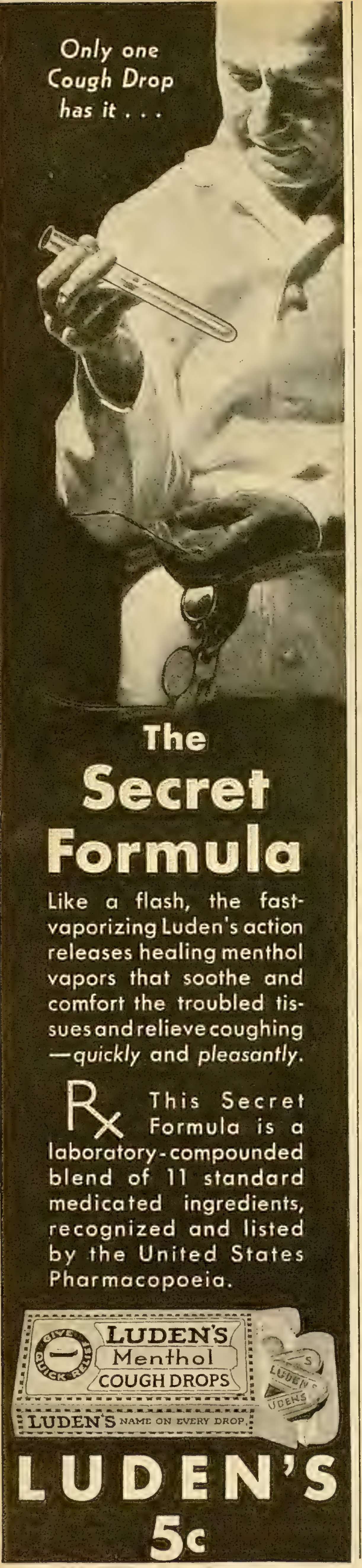
"You've been saying that," Ella said flatly, "since January, and this is almost July. Your days are a good deal longer than twenty-four hours, Henry."

"WELL," said Henry, "it's—it's a pretty delicate subject, old girl. I can't exactly go to the chief—"

"Why can't you?" she asked hardly. "He comes to you. He gets all the extra work out of you he can. They all do, if you ask me."

As Henry had not asked Ella anything, this remark was gratis. But Henry felt that he must put her right. "You're all wrong, dear. Why, only yesterday Hammil called me in and gave me a cigar. He'd just got them as a present from a customer."

"I'll bet," said Ella, "it was no good. Besides, you let them throw you off with a cigar or a nice word. It doesn't mean a thing. It's—it's like handing a dog a bone—without any meat on it." Ella always hardened up like this when she spoke to Henry about the office,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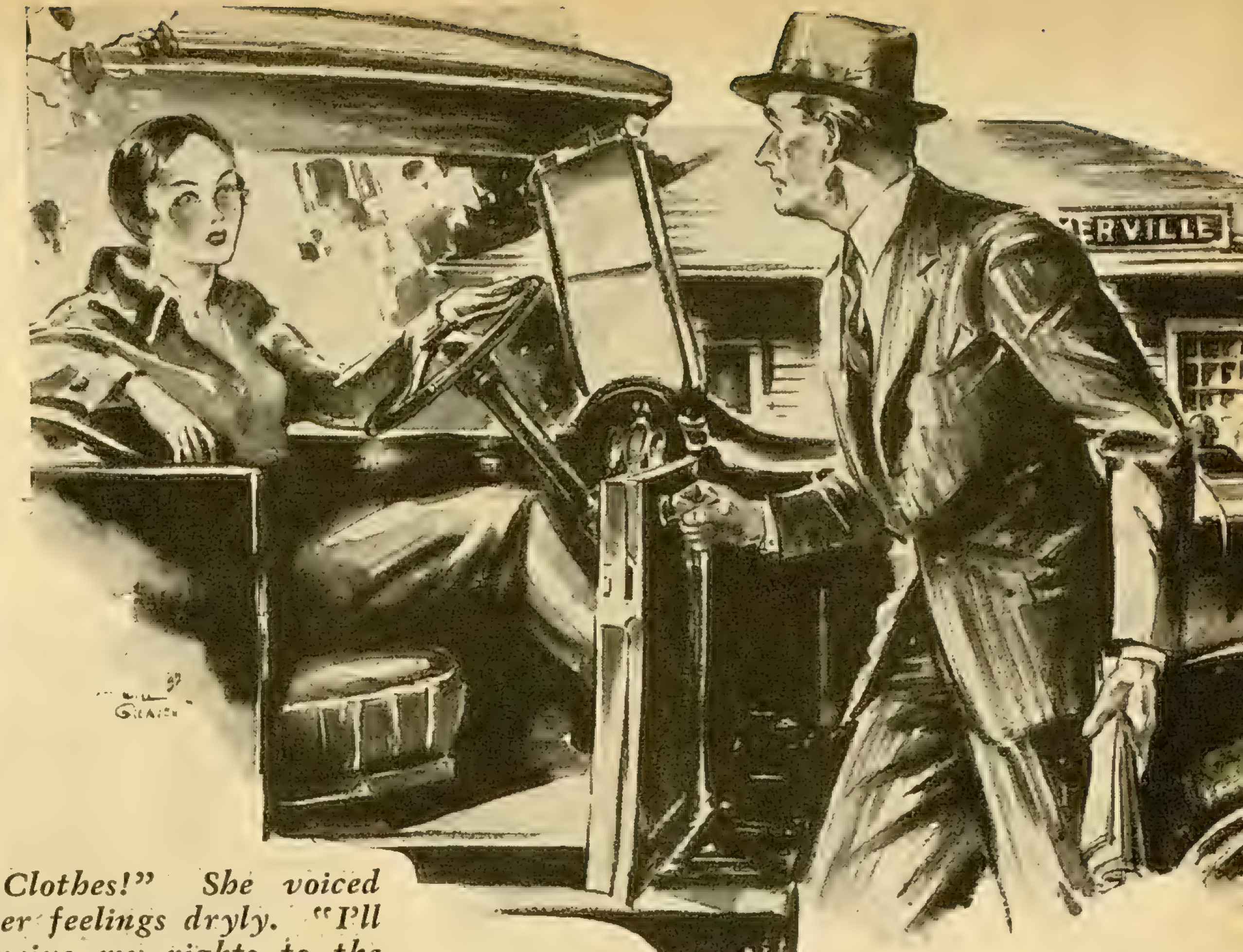


"Clothes!" She voiced her feelings dryly. "I'll waive my rights to the fifty; you get a plumber."

and somehow it hurt him. To Henry it was the finest and biggest trust company in the world.

"I know, old girl, it's hard on you. But, you see, they work from the top. When someone at the top drops out, just naturally the rest of us will go up."

She fixed him with clear blue eyes. "It wouldn't be natural for anything like that to happen to you, Henry. So don't let's count on it." She spoke bitterly yet with grudging tenderness. Life had struck her so many times on the raw! And she had grown a little fed up with it. Tired.

"All the same, dear"—Henry cleared his throat—"they've been pretty decent to me—in the long run."

She regarded him with curving lips. "I'll say it's a long run. You've been at it so long some of them have jumped right over your head! Look at that young Creelman. He's half your age and yet they go and make him an assistant cashier! They can live in a swell new apartment with polychrome bathrooms, while we"—she bit her lip—"while we can't even afford to fix the pipes in ours. If you call that a square deal!"

Henry Chard looked away. When she spoke of young Creelman a flush had grown slowly in his face. Young Creelman had been a sore spot with the whole department since January. He was one of the lucky ones. He had a way of falling on both feet. And—things didn't warrant it. Most of the fellows resented young Creelman—his gay insouciance, his trick of smiling at what most of them thought the wrong moment, his habit of getting work out of somebody else when he wanted a game of golf. But he was in thick with P. T. Hammil, the president, and when old Detridge dropped off his perch in the cashier's cage they put young Creelman on. And yet—he couldn't, of course, explain it to Ella, but he had always *liked* Creelman. His flush faded.

"All the same, Ella—"

"You've been there," she said, "just twenty of the best years of your life. Count it up for yourself."

He had, often. But Ella wouldn't understand that just that fact made all the difference. In a way, it had grown to be *his* company. He had to live up to it. Even to its name. It—it was a trust! And he had to go on doing his darnedest for it, no matter what they paid him. He sat on in difficult silence, while Ella turned the corner to the depot, drove under the arcade.

"Well," she said stiffly. She waited for him to climb down.

He thought he had better say something. "I forgot to tell you," he said, "a darned robin got into the strawberry bed. I think tonight I'll put up some little stakes with white rags."

BUT you couldn't put Ella off with a robin. She flew a red rag again before Henry's eyes. "What about that three thousand that you are going to pay over on the house?"

"Oh," said Henry, "that. I've told them I'd drop in with it on Saturday. And—and look here, old girl, that very afternoon you're going to take fifty bucks of it and spend 'em on clothes."

"Clothes!" She voiced her feelings dryly. "I'll waive my rights to the fifty," she said, "while you go out and hunt up a plumber. They notified us yesterday we've got to run a new drainpipe out to the street. And you'd better move along, Henry. You're not a big enough figure yet to hold up a train!"

He found a seat beside Becket, one of the junior clerks in the banking department. A good many of the boys lived along the same railroad. Just ahead of them, across the aisle, sat young Creelman. They both stared at him for a moment or two without speaking. He had laid his hat on the seat beside him, and now he ran lean, well groomed fingers through his close-cropped light hair. Becket thrust his neck a little forward.

"Get on to his lid, will you? Real Panama. Yeah—his wife went there in April with the Spelmeyers. Lemme tell you that chap goes with a pretty ritzy crowd."

Henry Chard remembered the apartment house up on the Ridge. It was a place of high laughter and cocktail parties, of silver slippers and gay riding of sport models into the dark while other people slept. Once he had seen young Creelman's wife, like a fluttering silver moth, alight from one of the cars. Henry Chard nodded. "Panama! Well, it sounds a long way off, Bill."

"Yeah. I can't find it on *my* commutation ticket." Becket grinned, but one could see he was a little sore. He shot a question at Henry: "Seen his new car?"

Henry nodded. It wasn't often that he and Ella in the flivver crossed young Creelman's trail, but they had on Sunday. Creelman, in a shining new roadster, had passed them on the Old Plank Road at sixty miles an hour. It had looked to Henry like pretty reckless driving, but all Ella saw was the new car.

"I'LL bet," said Becket, "he steps on it. I'll bet he steps on the gas a lot of ways. But what I want to know is how does he pay for the gas? I don't dope it out."

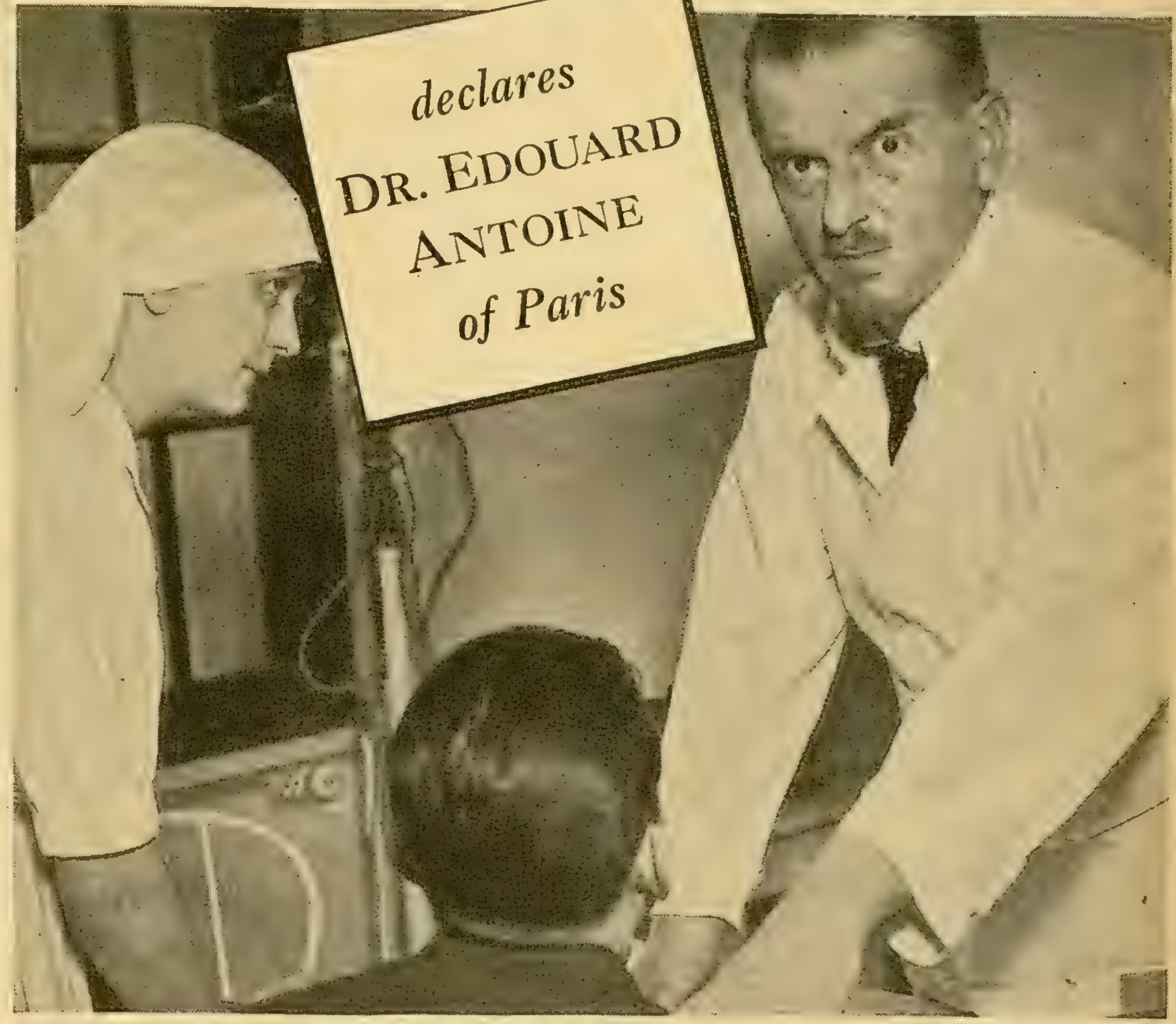
Henry didn't answer. . . .

Henry crossed lower Front Street. It was going to be a scorcher. An orangeade stand near the subway was already doing good business. Henry thought of what he might have done at home: sprinkled bone meal and tied up the tomato plants, and then given the whole garden a drink. He had two dozen cabbages coming along. The big outer leaves held water like a bird bath! Instead, he hung up his coat and got hard at it as soon as he entered the office. There was a note there from Murgatroyd pinned to a list of securities which he wanted checked up. Henry spent the morning over them and was only half through when one o'clock came around. He went out and hurried through a sandwich and some malted milk.

In the afternoon he had to get access to the vaults. He stood while Connors, the vault clerk, opened them up. The mechanism of the time lock was almost like looking at the mechanism of a man's heart. But it was cool down there. He went in and began comparing the numbers with the blue tickets. Anything he couldn't check up at once he made a note of. It began to look as if he'd have to stay late. He remembered what Ella had said about the ten-cent piece.

In the end he had to phone her. She was to go to bed and not wait up. Her

"I have treated thousands of cases of *CONSTIPATION*"



Dr. Antoine is the famous intestinal specialist of the Hôpital de la Glacière, in Paris.

DR. ANTOINE is the physician to a European king. He is a very famous diagnostician. *He states:–*

"I have treated thousands of cases of intestinal and stomach disorders. The majority were directly traceable to constipation . . . Unfortunately, the first act of the patient who is constipated is usually to take a laxative. This helps only temporarily. Next time he needs a still stronger dose.

"In my opinion, the most effective weapon for correcting constipation is fresh yeast.*"

When the intestines don't function regularly, it's usually because they need "toning up." Fresh yeast accomplishes this in a very natural way.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food. It has the power literally to *strengthen* your intestines, as well as to soften the intestinal wastes so they can be easily cleared away.

In this way yeast gently rids your body of poisons. Your "pep" comes back. Headaches go. Ugly skin blemishes in most cases quickly disappear.

So add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet now—just plain, or dissolved in water (about a third of a glass). Eat 3 cakes every day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Why not try it?

"Doctors are right in what they say about yeast"

"My job at the reception desk of a big company calls for a smile," *writes* Ruth Clarey *of New York* (at right in photo). "But it's hard to be cheerful with a headache.

"I had let myself get run-down. Felt 'loggy.' I tried pills to correct my sluggishness, but results were only temporary. I took the example of a friend and tried Fleischmann's Yeast. My sluggishness left. No more headaches. The old smile came back."

***IMPORTANT!** **Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G, D—the kind famous doctors advise.**

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A COLD

PASSES THRU
3 STAGES

And It is Far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third Stages!

A COLD ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more difficult to relieve.

Fourfold Effect for Immediate Relief

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Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine stops a cold quickly because it does the four necessary things. It opens the bowels. It kills the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack. That is the treatment you want—complete, thorough and effective. Anything less is toying with a cold.

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Economy Size—40 Tablets
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answer was short and not entirely sympathetic, but Henry told himself doggedly the office came first. And she meant well. Good old Ella. At any rate, it was cooler for her out there. A little tremor of air would be born among the leaves of the grape vine. It would grow, by midnight, to a faint soft breeze. Ella would pull the bed up against the window, and it would flutter across her cheek. He went back, frowning a little, to his figuring. Somehow he couldn't make the darned things jibe.

The men dropped away soon after the officers left. By five thirty most of the force in the big outer office had gone. Young Creelman, passing him, stopped a moment to stare down at the piled work. "What's the idea?" he asked. He leaned against the desk an instant, watching. Henry answered it with a word:

"Murgatroyd."

"He's a slave driver. Take my advice and chuck it, Chard."

Henry smiled faintly. "No," he said; "I've got to figure it out. I don't mind." He went on working without looking up. But he was conscious of young Creelman still standing a little back of him.

"By the way"—young Creelman shifted into an easier pose—"the other day I ran down your street. I saw you working out at the back. You looked pretty filthy and—pretty happy over it, whatever you were doing."

Henry still wore the faint smile, but now there was a glow behind it. "I reckon I was putting in some new tomato plants. Ponderosas."

"Sounds as though they ought to reduce. All the same—it's something to have a home. To be a houseband, what? I'm just a plain—husband."

"You bet." Henry looked up now, smiling back at young Creelman. And suddenly saw that young Creelman was *not* smiling himself. His face was stiff, and a little white.

"WHY, I say—" Henry stopped. "I say, Creelman, you're all in. Can't I get you a—a drink?"

"Thanks," said young Creelman. "I'm all right. It's this damned heat. And I don't suppose, Chard, you have a cocktail handy." Young Creelman plainly meant it to be a joke. Anyone would, knowing Henry. "Besides, I'm O. K. No. Go on telling me about your house. It—it looks like you, Chard. It looks so darned sensible."

"It's pretty simple," said Henry, "but it's fine enough for Ella and me. Up to now I figure we haven't owned much more than the front steps, but we're paying off a good bit on it next week. I guess when we bought it, about all we paid down was nerve."

Young Creelman twisted his lips. It was as if he were trying to smile and couldn't manage it. "I have a hunch," he said, "that whatever you bought, Chard, you'd—be good for the price! Now I—well, I'm just a plain piker."

Henry looked at him. He remembered, all at once, how most of them felt about young Creelman. That—well, that he just didn't have the goods. That it was sham, camouflage. That if it came to a showdown young Creelman wouldn't stand up to it. There were times when Henry had been inclined to agree with the very worst about young Creelman. But somehow— He spoke his thought awkwardly.

"Well," he said, "if you ever get to betting about it, come and see me, Creelman." He blushed a little. It seemed almost too intimate after he had said it. It was almost as if he were offering Creelman his hand.

And young Creelman took it that way. He stood a moment, then he reached in his pocket for a cigarette and lit it. He stood there puffing at it, looking down the line of the empty office, past the brass cage where he sat with Perkins, the other assistant cashier. Suddenly his eyes came back to Henry. They were very blue and intent. "Thanks, Chard." With a little nod Creelman passed on.

AT seven Henry left, himself. He went as far as the corner grill and got a cold plate and some buttermilk. It was one of the things the fellows in the office ragged him about—that he drank buttermilk; but Henry went right on doing it. Now he sipped it slowly. He was beginning to feel that he had a night's work cut out for him. And he hated to miss the last train. He'd done it only twice before, and each time Ella had worried. He'd had to go to a hotel. He began to be sore with Murgatroyd for handing him out such a mess. But he wasn't going to quit till he found out who'd balled things up in the department. In a way, they'd made him responsible, and he couldn't leave it up in the air. What bothered him now was that on the face of things it looked all right. It almost had him fooled. If Murgatroyd hadn't been cockeyed. . . . He paid his check and went back thoughtfully.

The air still hung thickly, but the heat no longer came in waves from the concrete pavements, and in the office it was almost cool. Old Gradey, the night watchman, had come on, and was just making the rounds with his time clock. He nodded to Henry. He and Henry belonged, as it were, to the old guard. No one else was about; even the charwoman who mopped the tile floors had gone. Henry rolled up his shirt sleeves and set grimly to his task.

Old Gradey strolled over to him. The soles of his shoes and his night stick made augmented little sounds in the stillness. "Some of youse fellas never know when to call it a day." He spoke with a sly wink. He liked Henry Chard.

Henry nodded. "Yeah. We're a fool bunch. But I've got to stay and figure this out, Gradey, if it takes all night." Henry stared down at some numbered lists he held in his hand. He'd found some of them entered twice—on the same week in April.

He'd gone back in the receipt ledgers as far as January. His shortsighted eyes looked troubled. It began to look fishy to him. He wondered if that was why Murgatroyd— He turned suddenly to Gradey. "Has anyone been here lately, Gradey—doing overtime?"

The night watchman scratched his head. "Well," he said, "only that fella with the light cowlick. I had *him* three nights hand runnin'. I had to call him down about the fire laws, with him burnin' papers on the tray along with his old cigarettes."

Henry Chard laid down his fountain pen. "What the devil," he said, "was he burning papers for—*here?*"

Gradey's eyes, old and watery, centered on Henry Chard's. "Well, now," he said, "I—never thought of that, sir. What for is right!" He continued to stare at Henry. "Is—anything not the way it should be, Mr. Chard?"

Henry leaned back a little. He looked pretty tired. "I can't say, Gradey, yet." His voice, to himself, sounded unnatural, a little hollow.

"Because I've been here a matter of thirty years, sir, and never anything went wrong while the building was up to me." Gradey cleared his throat. "And him being one of the new ones—"

HENRY nodded. He knew just how the old fellow felt. He felt that way himself about the department. Nothing had ever hung over it. Nothing that was shady. But he didn't want to talk any more just then. He wanted to think things out in this new light. To—compare certain numerals. It was a good deal more than ten cents this time. It had run, already, into a couple of thousand. He forced himself to speak easily: "I guess it's all right, Gradey."

The old fellow drew a relieved breath. "God be good to us, sir, I hope so. At any rate, you're putting in a long day on it. It's near one in the morning and you were at it when I come on." He swung suddenly on his heel. They had both become conscious at the same moment of voices pitched in high laughter in the street outside, of someone trying the handles of the big outer door.

Gradey started forward. "Now what do you know about that?" he said. "Somebody takin' us for a road house. That's what booze does nowadays!"

Henry turned in his chair. Old Gradey, peering through the glass of the inner vestibule, tapped sharply with his night stick. Somebody was trying to say something through the barrier—a girl with an evening cloak dropping from delicate bared shoulders. Henry turned suddenly cold.

"Listen," he called out to Gradey. "I know who that girl is. Let her in, will you? It's—it's the wife of the fellow who burned the papers. She's Mrs. Creelman."

Gradey, with a sharp look at Henry, slowly unbarred the door.

She came in alone. Whoever her

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YOU OLD-FASHIONED THING! WOMEN DON'T LET WASHDAY SPOIL THEIR FUN ANYMORE. SEND RIGHT OUT AND GET YOURSELF A BOX OF RINSO
OH YES—THAT'S THE SOAP MY SISTER'S BEEN RAVING ABOUT. SHE SAYS IT'S GREAT FOR DISHES AND SO EASY ON HANDS
TRY RINSO IN YOUR WASH-TUB IF YOU WANT TO SEE SOMETHING REALLY WONDERFUL! IT FLOATS THE DIRT RIGHT OUT—ALL YOU DO IS RINSE. YOU'LL COME TO MY PARTY FRESH AS A DAISY
D'ALTON VALENTINE

THAT EVENING
WELL, HOW DID YOU ENJOY YOUR SCRUBLESS WASHDAY?
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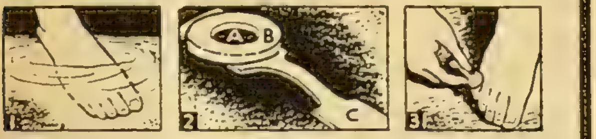

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Name____________________________
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party were, she had left them outside. They could hear the noise of a motor running, sounding strangely in the deserted street. Gradey had switched a couple of lights on and she stood on the threshold, frowning a little between the eyes, as if they blinded her. Then, with Gradey following close behind, she approached Henry at his desk.

"I've come for Jerry," she said. "I'm Mrs. Creelman." Her voice was a little breathless, as if she had been laughing with the rest. She spoke directly to Henry, and then, as if a sudden doubt assailed her, she added, "He's *here*, isn't he?"

Henry shook his head. "Creelman left about six," he said. "Sorry."

"But—he *said* he'd be here. That he had to stay." Her brown eyes fluttered from his face to Gradey's and back again. She looked, in her bright dress and silvered evening shoes, more than ever like some light-poised moth, used to moonlight and starshine. "He told us"—she bit the line of scarlet that was her lip—"to go on. A lot of us are going to a night club to—to dance. And he told us to go on—that he'd meet us there."

"Then, if I were you, I'd just do as he said." Henry smiled a little. "I'd just go on ahead wherever he said to, and wait for him there till he turned up." He spoke as if there were no question about it. And all the while, back of her bright figure, he seemed to be seeing Creelman's face as he had seen it those hours ago, stiffened, and a little white. Funny. Creelman had said it was the heat. But it wasn't. It was just that—Creelman had been *afraid*.

ALICE GARLAND STEELE

was born and brought up in New York by a "Virginia" father, an English mother, and a French governess. Later, she says, she acquired an Irish husband, giving her a "liberal" education. She started writing at twelve and has had stories published in all of the leading magazines.

SHE still stood there, looking first at one and then at the other. "But, you see—we did go there—first. We waited for hours. And he always keeps his word. When he says a thing he does it. We promised that to each other when we got married—that if we told each other something we'd do it. Well—don't you see? There must be something queer about it, because he—he hasn't kept his word. He said he'd have to stay here till eleven, and then he'd go right over there and meet us—" She stopped on a small choking breath.

"Why don't you phone the apartment?" Henry said it, and the next minute was sorry. It—it was as if he were beginning himself to be—afraid of something. He wouldn't yet let himself put it into words. But he knew what he was going to do himself. As soon as he could get her to go.

"But I did. Even though it seemed foolish. Because he wouldn't go home without me. And there isn't anybody there. I let Greta go out. I told her she could have till morning. Jerry said we ought to. We told her at dinner. And afterward he called a taxi for the eight ten."

Henry nodded. "I see," he said. "He probably came here and went away again. He's probably waiting for you right now at the place you were going to. Have you got your car out there?"

"It isn't my car. We sold ours yesterday. It's just some friends—people we go with a lot. They're waiting for me outside."

"Then listen." Henry rose, glanced at Gradey an instant, then carefully brought his eyes back to hers. "You just go on to that place and wait. That's common sense. It would be foolish to do anything else, and—unkind. Because, you see, you say yourself that he always keeps his word. Well, then, sooner or later he'll be there, like he said."

She stared at him a minute as if she were weighing it. She was slowly drawing the wrap up over her shoulders, crossing it over her breast. It was as if, with the action, she extinguished all brightness. She looked, as the three walked through the stone emptiness of the building toward the door, suddenly very young.

"I'M afraid," she said, "I've bothered you a lot. But when a person you love isn't where he said he'd be, it makes you do foolish things—just because you are worried. Jerry would worry about me the same way."

"Of course he would." Henry nodded as one who knew. "So if you'll just give me the name of that—that night club—in case he comes back here first—"

She told him while Gradey swung the big door open for her, and watched him write it down on his cuff.

Henry Chard, waiting till he heard the noise of the motor die, swung on his heel. "Listen," he said, "Gradey. Get me a taxi. From that stand the chief uses. There's nothing wrong, Gradey. I'm just dog-tired. So I think I'll go home."

Gradey nodded. "That's all right with me, Mr. Chard. You and me are the old guard. What you say goes. I won't let a peep out. On'y you better sweep them papers of yours into some desk. I got enough responsibility with just the building."

Five minutes later he closed the door solemnly as Henry Chard hurried down the stone steps. Then he went back to his time clock.

Henry Chard stood an instant before the taxi driver. There was a tense line about his lips. He had never in his life taken any chances. He always felt he had to be sure before he went ahead. But tonight he was taking a chance on a snap judgment: on the fact that he had seen men come and go in the same company for twenty years, while he stayed on. He was taking a chance not so much on young Creelman as on the girl he had made his wife; on what she stood for in Creelman's life. He was counting on something immutable, that would stand though the earth crumbled. He was taking a chance that young Creelman loved his wife!

"Listen," he said. "This is a hurry call, and I don't mean maybe. I've got to make Southbury, and I've got to get there damned quick. I don't ask you to break the speed laws, but wherever you can—go to it and drive like hell!" . . . .

There is one thing about the kind of apartment the Creelmans lived in: day and night are pretty well interchangeable. At two in the morning the milkman was leaving cream for breakfast, but lights still blazed in the hall. Henry Chard, finding the lift still running, went straight up.

Standing before the number they had given him he drew a deep breath. It was as easy as that! He had simply said to the night clerk at the desk, "I'm Henry Chard. And I've got to see Mr. Jerrold Creelman. No, you needn't send my name up. I'm a friend." But it was as if, with the word, he had pledged himself.

HE stood an instant, remembering the night clerk's doubt that Mr. and Mrs. Creelman were home yet. *She* wasn't. He'd stake his life on her staying at that place. She was probably dancing, those little slippered feet keeping time while worry pounded at her heart. But young Creelman— His face hardened. He was banking on the fact that only a few hours ago young Creelman hadn't thought of a climax in his life—or a way out of it! And as Henry Chard saw it there were only two. If he couldn't make good, it would either be to run away or end it. Young Creelman would want to end it. But you'd have to give him *time*—to blot the sun out. Henry, standing before the locked door, paled a little. Already Creelman had had six hours.

Henry Chard, disregarding the bell, knocked definitely, twice.

"Creelman, this is Henry Chard—from the office."

He waited, nerving himself for any sort of sound. A radio above him was grinding out the kind of music that is dissonance, and somehow it cut him to the quick—until he realized that it was life just going on. He tried to steady himself by thinking of foolish, familiar things—the stacked tools in his garage at home, ugly and serviceable; the rows of lettuce heads, like green flowers opening on the breast of the brown earth. But all he could think of was a silver moth in the moonlight and young Creelman's face slowly growing gray.

"Listen, Creelman—if you are there. I've got to see you! I've got to tell you about your wife."

Almost before the word died on his lips the door sprang open. Young Creelman stood before him, haggard,

All Night
DANCING . . . DINING

Eating too Much
Smoking too Much

THE LAW of Good Living says: "Don't overindulge, eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely."

• • •

Science says: "If you do, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is probably the quickest and most effective way to avoid feeling its after-effects."

Yet . . .
"No Acid Headache,"
No Upset Stomach
This Morning!

"DON'T overindulge—don't eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely" is the Law of Good Health.

If you don't follow that law—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, scientists say, is the QUICKEST, SIMPLEST AND EASIEST way to correct its effects. All you do is this:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed."

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way, which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia, for each Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablet equals one teaspoonful of the liquid Milk of Magnesia.

What It Does

This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to alkalize the system. And an alkalized system is largely impervious to the bad after-effects of excessive smoking—excessive eating, drinking.

It sweetens and purifies your stomach. Banishes the acid headache, sour stomach, deadly depression that mark the price of immoderations.

Results are quick and almost invariable. Your head clears, your stomach settles—you feel like a new person.

Every person who smokes should know this. And take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia EVERY NIGHT before bed. Every person who overindulges in food or drink should know it. And keep a bottle of "Phillips'" in his medicine chest.

Try it—just *once*. You will be amazed at what it does.

Be sure to get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia when you buy. All "Milk of Magnesia" is not alike in effect, so look for the name Phillips—get the kind doctors endorse.

ALSO• IN TABLET FORM:
Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

GENUINE
PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
GENUINE
PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS

PHILLIPS'
Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.

collarless, his face flecked with red patches. Henry Chard stumbled in.

They stood facing each other in the small overdecked room. Young Creelman moistened his dry lips. "Well," he said, "what is it?" His voice was sharp, thin-edged.

"I saw her an hour ago, Creelman. She came hunting you at the office. She's back at that night club, waiting, because you gave her your word."

Young Creelman did not move, but the muscles of his cheek twitched. He managed a painful sentence: "Is—that all?"

"No. I came to pay up a bet, Creelman. I made it with you this afternoon."

Young Creelman stood an instant, staring back at Henry Chard. Then he braced himself. "I don't quite—get you."

"A bet of two thousand and thirty-eight dollars, Creelman. Exactly what you owe the company's books."

Young Creelman fell back an inch. Like a man fighting for his life, backing away from cold steel. "I don't quite—get you, Chard."

"Oh, yes, you do." Henry Chard fixed him with solemn eyes. "You knew this afternoon—that I was on the track of it—along with Murgatroyd. But one fact saves you, to my mind, Creelman: in the last two weeks you've been trying to put some of it back. Before God, I don't think you're a dyed-in-the-wool thief, Creelman, and that's why"—Henry Chard's face grew a little grim—"that's why I'm going to loan you the rest of it to save your soul alive. I—I have a couple of thousand. It was to pay off a part of the mortgage on my house. But—I'm going to be a sport, Creelman, for the first time in my life. I'm going to save the name of the department. I'm going to hand that two thousand over, Creelman, and take your I O U!"

Young Creelman had gone dead white. His eyes fastened, like the grip of a drowning man, on Henry. And then suddenly he flung a sentence at him on a sobbing breath:

"You're a damned fool, Chard—a—a God-blessed damn' fool!"

He turned blindly, and stood, head downward, against the wall. . . .

Henry mopped his brow. He laid his rake against the garage and went and stood above the strawberry bed for a minute. A line of small stakes had white rags fluttering faintly in the early-morning breeze.

Somewhere in a neighbor's pear tree a bird sang a tremulous note. He wondered if it might be a cedar waxwing. Something troubled Henry. He had not told Ella. Yesterday he had drawn two thousand and thirty-eight dollars from the bank and sent young Creelman in with it to Murgatroyd. Alone! He had gone himself straight to his desk. After a while he was conscious that Creelman was back in the cage, bending over the books with the other assistant cashier.

He didn't try to see him the rest of that day. Not even at lunch time. And young Creelman hadn't tried. It was as if, between them, the devil they had exorcised had been laid to rest. But all the same it troubled Henry that he hadn't told Ella. He went in and had a shower and his breakfast. Ella drove him to the station. She had been working hard doing up the curtains, and she looked dog-tired. But she'd cut out a lot for that day also. Ella was game. She saved them both dollars and dollars. If love, with Ella, was wordless, at least it was something that went on forever and ever. As they drew up at the station she asked:

"Did you find that undersuit that I put the buttons on? I hung it in the bathroom."

"Oh, *that*," said Henry. "Yes, I found it. Thanks, old girl." He leaned down to kiss her good-by. He could always count on something in Ella that was immutable, unchanging. It would be there for him to hold to though worlds crumbled. . . .

Henry crossed lower Front Street. It was going to be another scorcher. Heat came up from the concrete in waves. Yet, somehow, as he trudged along with the rest, a bird sang in Henry Chard's heart. Like the cedar waxwing in the pear tree! The garden was the place, after all, where he girded himself to meet dragons.

On his desk was a small note. It was in Murgatroyd's hand. In it Murgatroyd asked him to report as soon as he came in to Mr. Hammil. Henry got his coat again from the peg. Settled his glasses, and went down the line of offices to the one with the wrought-iron door. It always fascinated Henry, that door.

Old Jonas Griscom, the first president, had brought it all the way from Florence. Henry stared at it now. It had a pattern of a knight's shield against a background of lilies, and the Latin letters, *Macte Virtute*, on the shield. Someone had told Henry that it meant "Proceed in virtue." But what got him were the lilies. To think those old fellows hundreds of years back had to go for their patterns to simple garden things!

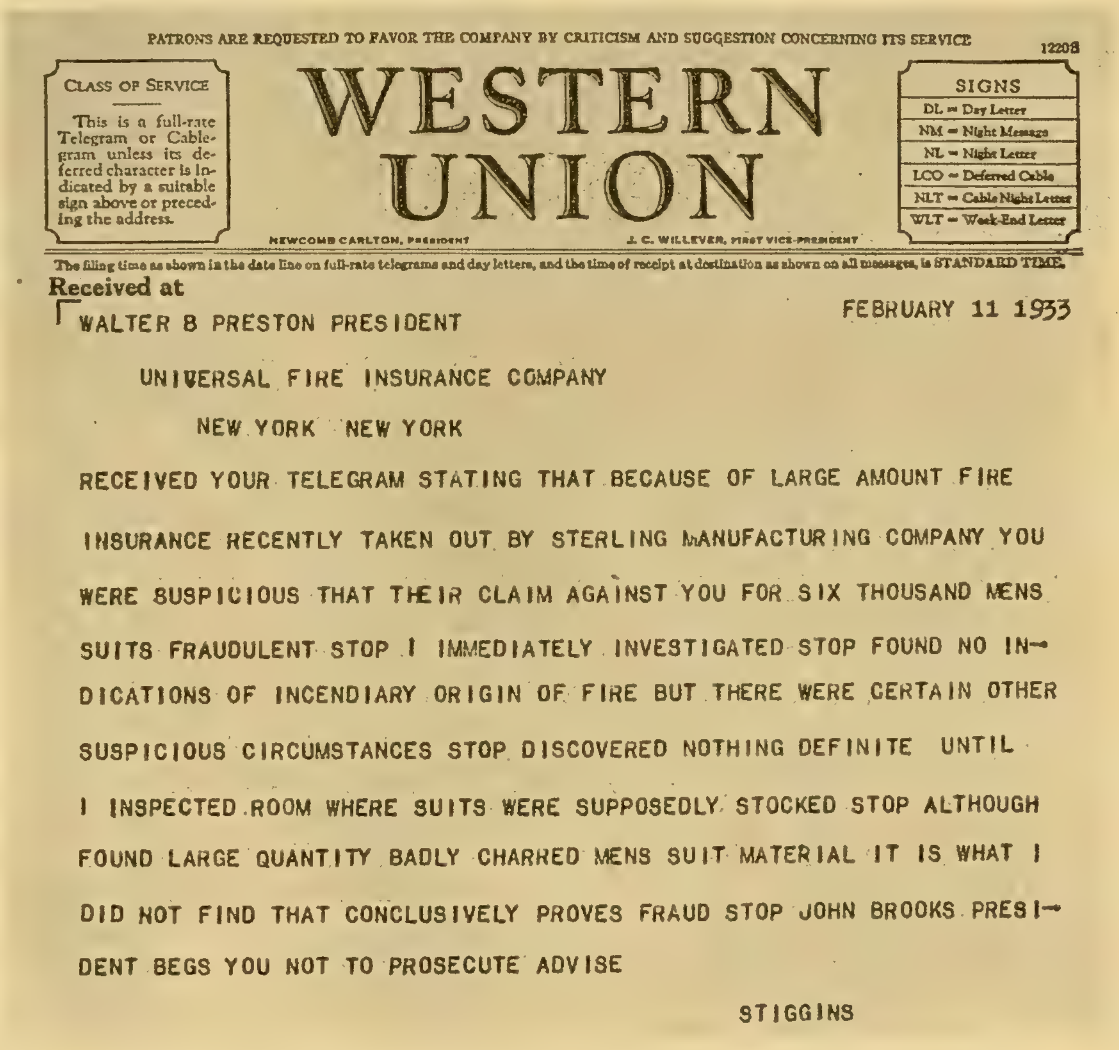
"Oh—sit down, Chard."

Henry sat down. He didn't often meet Hammil. He

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. Ripley



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UNIVERSAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK NEW YORK

RECEIVED YOUR TELEGRAM STATING THAT BECAUSE OF LARGE AMOUNT FIRE INSURANCE RECENTLY TAKEN OUT BY STERLING MANUFACTURING COMPANY YOU WERE SUSPICIOUS THAT THEIR CLAIM AGAINST YOU FOR SIX THOUSAND MENS SUITS FRAUDULENT STOP I IMMEDIATELY INVESTIGATED STOP FOUND NO INDICATIONS OF INCENDIARY ORIGIN OF FIRE BUT THERE WERE CERTAIN OTHER SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES STOP DISCOVERED NOTHING DEFINITE UNTIL I INSPECTED ROOM WHERE SUITS WERE SUPPOSEDLY STOCKED STOP ALTHOUGH FOUND LARGE QUANTITY BADLY CHARRED MENS SUIT MATERIAL IT IS WHAT I DID NOT FIND THAT CONCLUSIVELY PROVES FRAUD STOP JOHN BROOKS PRESIDENT BEGS YOU NOT TO PROSECUTE ADVISE

STIGGINS

What Did Stiggins Fail to Find? The solution will appear next week.

felt, for no reason at all, nervous. He couldn't figure out what Hammil wanted that he could give. Hammil's orders rarely came down the line.

"Well, Chard, I understand that you've got the gambler's spirit."

Henry flushed. "I—beg pardon, Mr. Hammil?"

"I understand you laid down two thousand dollars yesterday with another employee of this company—on a bet."

Henry Chard paled. "I—I didn't exactly figure it as a bet, Mr. Hammil—if you mean—"

"I mean," said Hammil dryly, "your bet with young Creelman—*on* young Creelman."

"Yes, sir." Henry sat silent and dismayed.

"Did you expect"—Hammil was eying him closely—"to get it back?"

Henry looked up. "Yes, sir," he said.

"On young Creelman's I O U?"

Henry hesitated a moment, then he said quietly: "I believe Creelman will pay me every cent."

P. T. Hammil sat silent. He seemed to be studying Henry.

Suddenly his eyes gleamed. He reached over and took a small packet from his desk.

"The company doesn't think it's fair to keep you waiting, Chard. Will you take this, please? And you might as well give me a receipt."

Henry stared down at the paper in his hand. It was a check drawn on the trust company for two thousand and thirty-eight dollars. His lips went dry.

"You see"—Hammil was still eying him—"we think *you* are a good bet yourself, Chard."

"I—don't quite get you, sir." Henry had risen, was standing, the check still in his hand.

Hammil smiled. "We are establishing a branch uptown next month, and we are putting you in charge. At a thousand more a year, roughly speaking. Meanwhile we don't want you to leave the home office with—anything on the books against us."

"Against—*you*, sir?"

"Exactly, Chard. We don't want any employee to—be bigger than the company. We are taking over Creelman's note. And I might as well tell you that we intend to see that we get paid."

Henry Chard stared back at P. T. Hammil. He remembered that people spoke of Hammil as a hard man. Something fluttered in Henry Chard's breast.

"I—I somehow can't find a thing to say about—any of it, sir—"

Hammil nodded. "That's all right," he said. "You don't need to, Chard." He smiled suddenly. "Perhaps you don't know it, but you are rather a transparent fellow. You—usually give yourself away!"

He reached over and gave Henry Chard the grip.

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Saving Eyes

JUNIOR'S favorite indoor sport was having his mother read fairy stories. One evening, when he was particularly insatiable in his demands, she protested: "No more tonight, Junior. My eyes are tired out with all this reading."

"Then," came the answer, "don't read with your eyes. Read with your mouth."—Katherine Quackenbush, 354 Paterson Plank Road, Jersey City, N. J.

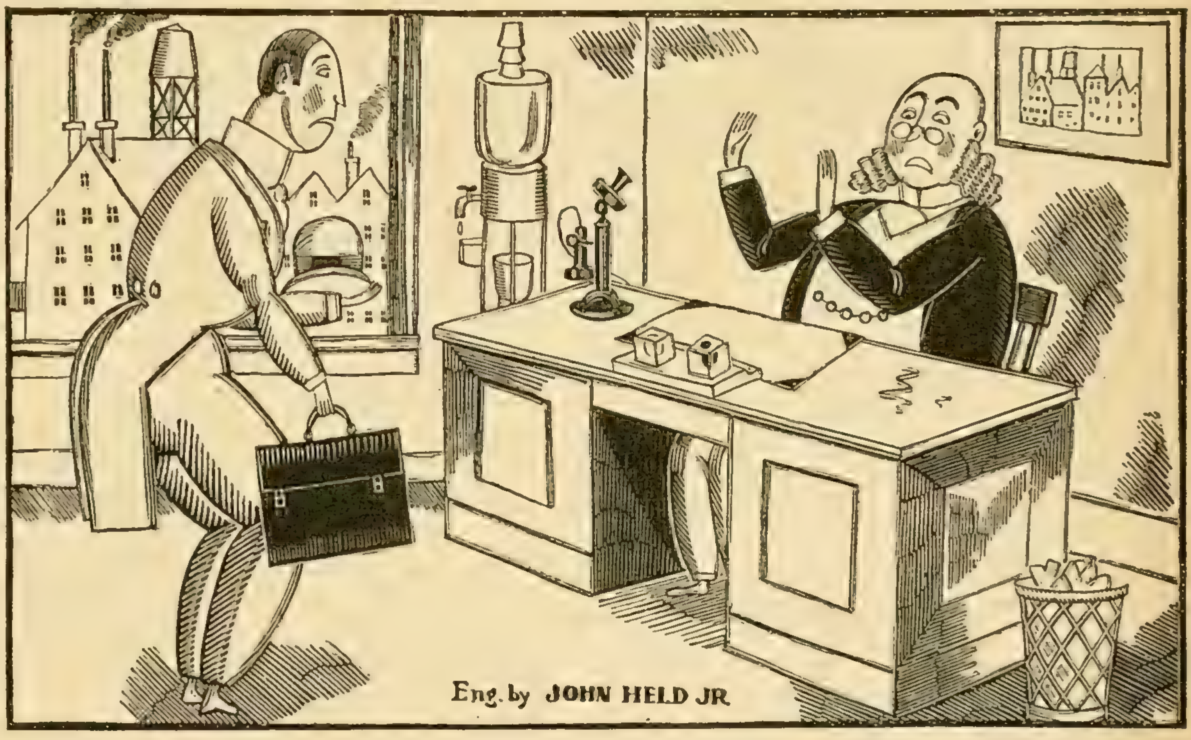
Old Ones Are

FATHER admonished Billy to quit slouching at table and to sit "straight as a nail." Billy sat up for a few minutes, and then went back into his slouch.

"I thought I told you to sit straight as a nail," said father.

"I know," answered Billy, "but aren't some nails a little bent?"—M. H. Chesney, 520 Eighty-sixth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Why did they always say: "WOULD YOU MIND WRITING US A LETTER"?



Eng. by JOHN HELD JR

GEORGE never had any trouble getting into the offices of Important People. But for some strange reason, seldom was he given an opportunity to finish his story.

"Would you mind writing us a letter about it?" the Big Shot would say. "I'm very busy today."

Could it be that dreadful thing the mouth wash ads tell about? "Heavens, NO!" George decided, "I use a good gargle morning and night."

Yet his is a common error. George neglected to consider that even the best mouth wash, used in the morning, cannot prevail against the many breath-tainting exposures incurred during the day...such as eating onions at lunch.

But there is a delightful way to keep up the good work your morning mouth wash starts. Simply pop a Life Saver into your mouth whenever breath-sweetness is menaced. And how those unwelcome mouth odors will scram . . . and stay scrammed.

●

Life Savers are the delicious ALLIES of the morning mouth wash . . . and keep the breath fragrant all the way 'round the clock!

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

LIFE SAVERS come in 14 enticing flavors. The latest taste sensation is SPEAR-O-MINT.

Our LAWLESS Lawmakers

(Reading time: 7 minutes 55 seconds.)

OURS has so long been a government of lawyers—not men—that we have been hypnotized with the idea that respect for law and order is the cornerstone of American civilization. Actually we have a tradition of official lawlessness. From the dawn of our history, our laws have run on the make-and-break principle, and the man who said, "What's the Constitution between friends?" must have had Congress in mind.

Of course, every so often somebody gets up on his hind legs and thumps his waistcoat over the wickedness of So-and-so, who wants to destroy the Constitution. The professional drys chant through their noses: "It is the law and must be obeyed!" while the Assistant Attorney-General in charge of prohibition may draw a ticket for speeding or a Presidential motorcade may motor sixty miles in forty minutes through a state with a legal speed limit of forty miles an hour, and the great game goes on.

It's always been that way. The founders of the American Republic were lawbreakers and usually smugglers. It is impossible to read the story of our legal dealings with the American Indians without holding your nose. When the South tried to protect its property rights through the Fugitive Slave Law, the good people of the North went in for lawbreaking on a grand scale. The tale of how our public lands got into private hands is one at which any lawyer might blush. We've never taken law seriously, and while we elect our lawyers to high office we don't worry much about them afterward.

The result is comic: hundreds of professional lawyers in American legislatures and in Congress solemnly beseeching the American people to obey the law. Thousands of politicians telling the people if they don't like the law to change it, or, "If you don't like this country, go back where you came from!" And all the time the major violations of American law and order are being made by the lawmakers themselves!

Take just one instance. During the war the government had to do a lot of practical things, and do them at once. Constitutional lawyers will tell you that at least one third of Wilson's wartime measures were unconstitutional and illegal: the Espionage Act, for example; also the post-Armistice loans to European governments under the Liberty Loan Act, which were without taint of legal justification; suppression of free speech, of free press, invasion of constitutional rights. There was no law about it. It simply had to be done.

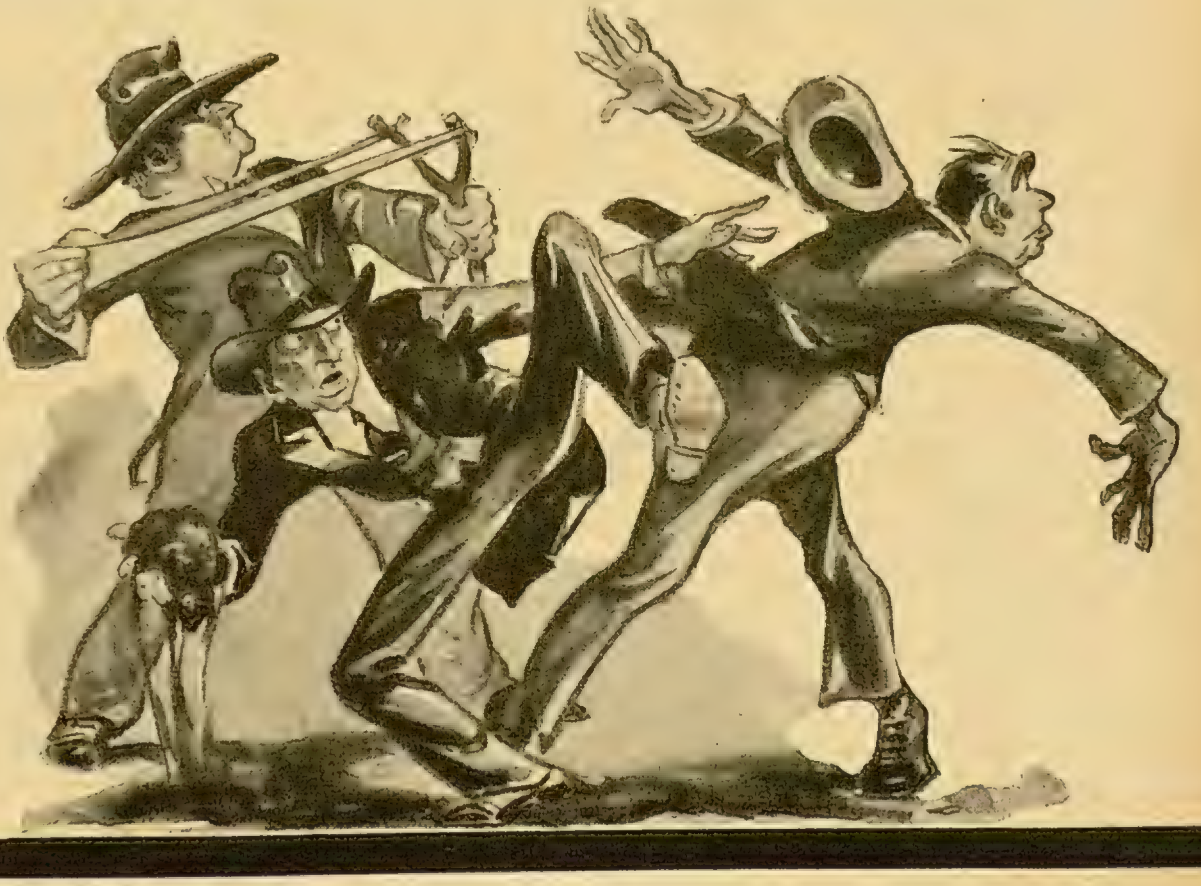
In passing, it might be mentioned that all practical police regulations for pistol permits, etc., are unconstitutional in the light of the Second Amendment, which says that "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." The common sense of the situation, naturally, is that it is dangerous to allow people to keep and bear arms indiscriminately and that the Constitution winks at this invasion of popular rights.

Take Kentucky! In Bell and Harlan counties, American citizens with a constitutional right to travel where they please have been beaten up and railroaded out of the state under the authority of local Kentucky officials! If anyone thinks he has a right to free speech, freedom of assembly, and a free press, let him try to address the coal-miners in a strike district or attempt to organize a union in an open-shop region! Let him try to publish a Communist newspaper! It's not so long ago that the New York State Assembly expelled its Socialist Assemblymen simply because they were Socialists. See what happens to you if you admit membership in the I. W. W. in any of a dozen Western states. Take a look at the records of the Mooney-Billings case.

It is when you come to Congress, however, that you get the full flower of official lawlessness. The First Article of the federal Constitution provides that the House of Representatives shall be redistricted every ten years on the basis of population. That is the fundamental guaranty of popular representation at Washington. *From 1920 to 1930—ten years—Congress refused, with the approval of those very reformers who were demanding that prohibition must be enforced because it was in the Constitution, to abide by this provision.* During this decade representation in Congress was based on the population of the United States *as it had existed in 1910!*

The reason for the refusal to change was frankly political. There had been great shifts in population. The cities were gaining in power and the crooked rural politicians did not want to lose their jobs or their influence. The same situation existed in state after state, where large cities enjoyed less political power than tiny villages.

Coming back to Congress, it was not until after the census of 1930 that the American government decided to abide by the First Article of the Constitution. This



On one hand you have a Constitution which lays down all sorts of noble purposes. On the other, Congress breaking laws and the Constitution shot full of holes.

An Outspoken Indictment of the Members of Congress Who Fail to Practice What They Preach

By JAY FRANKLIN

CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES
We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.
Hollie McBride

means that—if you are a lawyer—every law enacted by Congress in the period between 1922 and 1932 is illegal; that we have had an illegal and unconstitutional government for the last ten years!

Another queer twist of the American mind is the refusal to give the vote or representation to the inhabitants of the District of Columbia. The District contains nearly half a million people. This is just about equal to the combined population of Nevada, Wyoming, and most of Delaware. One of the things which caused the Revolution was taxation without representation; yet half a million Americans in the nation's capital are taxed without their consent and are milked of large sums each year to maintain parks and public institutions for the benefit of the nation. Nobody loses much sleep about it, because it happens to be constitutional; but it is certainly a violation of the basic idea of American government.

But when Congress gets down to money it simply does not care what it does. The present economy drive forgets that the government made a definite contract with its employees in many cases, that promotions and salary increases were provided by law. For a year now the government has been violating this measure by refusing to make any of the promotions required by the law; and now Congress proposes to cut into the meager official salaries—except in the lowest ranks—while money is splurged right and left on the conveniences and even the luxuries of some of the leaders of the government.

IT is reported that the Mayflower, which was sold amid loud cries of "Economy!" is being discreetly displaced by a luxuriously equipped Coast Guard vessel; which is exactly as it should be. But it should never be forgotten that the effect of this determined drive to set aside the laws governing pay for government service is to make the government the plaything of the rich. When no poor man can afford to work for the government, we will get a government of millionaires served by yes men.

The whole situation is a gigantic farce. On the one hand you have a Constitution which lays down all sorts of beautiful ideas and noble purposes, and laws which solons violently demand shall be observed or enforced. On the other hand you have Congress itself breaking laws as though they were New Year's resolutions, and the Constitution shot full of holes. And in the background is the American people, humorous, slovenly, and pretty damn' well indifferent to the whole show—doing as it pleases and not caring three hoots in Congress about it all, anyway.

Some people view this situation with alarm. They shriek "Nullification!" at the wet states and they insist on reading the Bill of Rights in the anti-Red states. They talk harshly to the Solid South about the Fourteenth Amendment. Foreigners—particularly the English—view us with horrified amazement, and the country rings with pistol shots and cries of "I must consult my lawyer!" Moralists sourly observe that we are doomed unless we develop a respect for law.

Probably the moralists are right. We can never get very far until we learn to respect the rules which we have made for our own convenience and protection. On the other hand, we will never have laws which we can respect or obey until our lawmakers learn that respect for the law begins in the legislatures and in Congress. If the day ever comes—which seems very unlikely—when Congress stops playing the privileged buffoon, breaking its own laws and smashing the Constitution, let alone enacting statutes which have no relation to American human nature or to the demonstrable experience of political society, then we may get a chance to settle down and obey some of the laws all of the time instead of some of the laws some of the time.

As it is, the man who created Al Capone is not the citizen who buys bootleg liquor, but the lawmaker who did not foresee that the citizen would keep on buying liquor and the congressman who refused to allow the wet cities their fair share of representation so that the law might be changed legally. The legal granddaddy of the sex blackmailer is the congressman who voted for a measure like the Mann Act, which makes a crime out of an interstate escapade. The man who is responsible for crooked slot machines and race-track poolrooms is the man who forgets that gambling is a human instinct and fails to allow legal outlet for it. The man who is most responsible for American lawlessness is not the average citizen, but the lawmaker who passes silly laws and the lawmaker who is himself a lawbreaker. There's no sense in appointing Wickersham Commissions, conducting Seabury investigations, reading editorials and listening to sermons on law observance. The man who should be investigated is he who makes the law and breaks it, to suit his political convenience or to make a show of statesmanship. There's no purpose in drawing up a list of public enemies which does not include our lawless lawmakers.

THE END

LIBERTY-PARAMOUNT ALL-STAR SERIAL

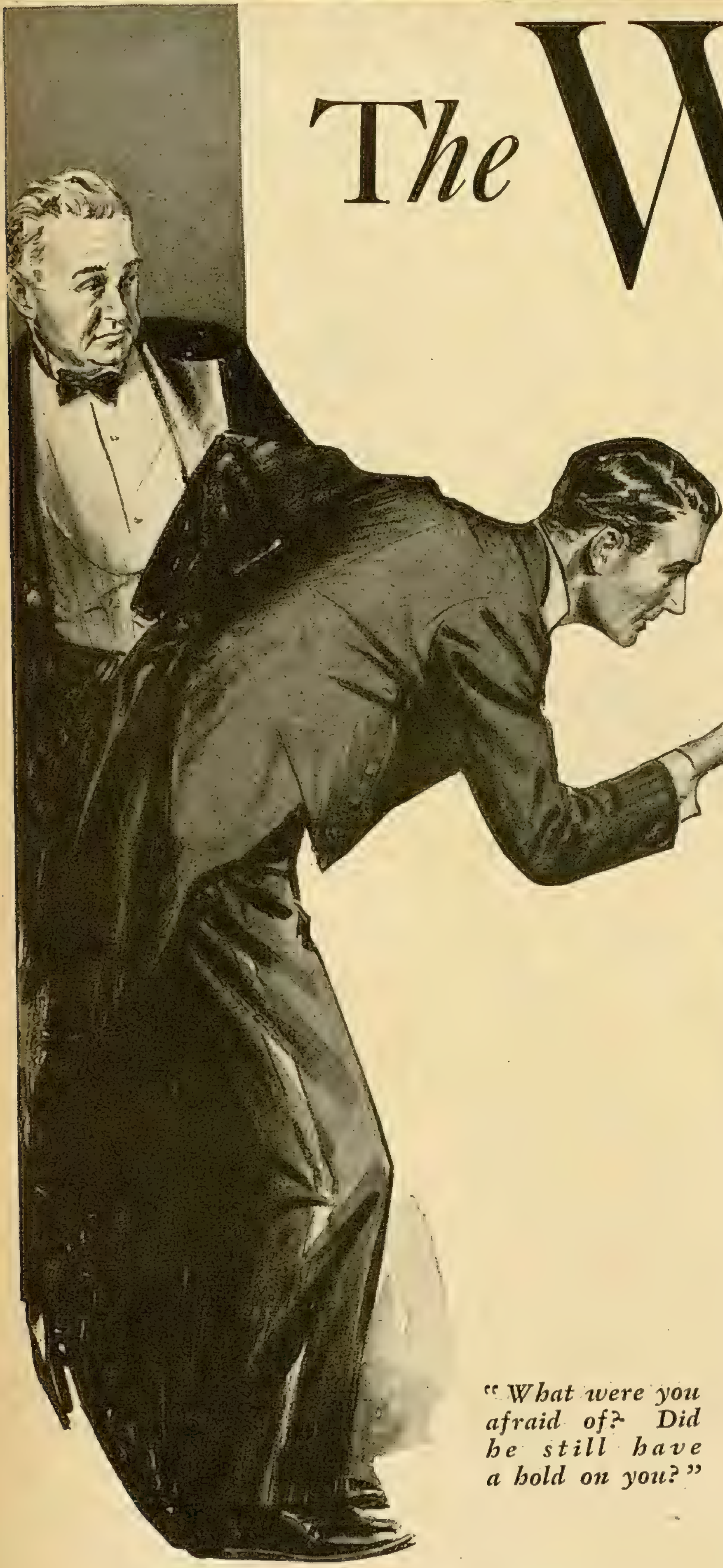
The Woman

Part Four—Chapter Seven
Glenda's Story

By

J. P. McEVOY

Illustrated
by
D'ALTON VALENTINE



"What were you afraid of? Did he still have a hold on you?"

(Reading time: 32 minutes 50 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Glenda Cromwell, who on her wedding eve killed Leo Young, with whom she had once been intimate, in a struggle for a pistol. Young had planned to kill Jeffrey Baxter, whom Glenda was to marry aboard the six-day-cruise ship Corinthia as soon as they were on the high seas. She meets Jeffrey and they board the ship, but she does not tell him that Leo is dead. Glenda seeks Captain Buchanan and tells him her story. The New York police radio him that Glenda is wanted for Leo Young's murder. The captain tells Jeffrey, at Glenda's request, that the law allowing captains to perform marriages at sea has been rescinded. The passengers plan a mock murder trial and Jeffrey is selected as prosecutor and Glenda as defendant.

The plot is based on an original story by Polan Banks. A synopsis was submitted to ten celebrated authors, each of whom wrote a chapter. The first six chapters were written by Rupert Hughes, Vicki Baum, Zane Grey, Viña Delmar, Irvin S. Cobb, and Gertrude Atherton.

THERE is a general impression abroad that captains on board ship are involved in some way with the navigation of the boat. This, like most traditions, is a half truth. Captain Buchanan knew his duties and took them to heart. He left the bridge to the first officer, who left it to the second officer, who left it to somebody who stayed because he had no sex appeal.

Tonight there were to be doings in the saloon. Seated behind a long table on the raised platform from which the orchestra usually strewed rhythm, Captain Buchanan was enjoying himself. Slowly he rose, and the buzz of conversation was stilled.

"You have all been subpœnaed to appear here tonight," he said, "to be entertained and instructed—and thrilled! Some of you may not know it, but we have on board one of the most distinguished criminal lawyers in America. Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Jeffrey Baxter."

Jeffrey Baxter bowed to the storm of applause.

"A pretty speech and scarcely deserved," he said. "To begin with, this is to be a murder trial, of course. That right, captain?"

"Certainly," said the captain, "and make it a good one."

"I needn't tell you," continued Baxter, "that women can commit murders and still be charming, for usually they kill for the most delightful reasons—reasons for which the victims could hardly blame them. And then they are so sorry afterward, and they cry so prettily, and when you get them up on the stand they swoon with such conviction that a jury can hardly tear themselves away long enough to acquit them."

"I am sure Mr. Baxter is saying all this," interpolated the captain, "so that the pretty victim of this trial need not worry over the possibility of conviction."

"Not only has she nothing to worry about," added Baxter, "but her popularity will certainly increase tremendously if she is convicted. At least that has been my experience. Will Miss Glenda Cromwell kindly step forward and take a seat here where everyone can see her?"

All eyes turned to find Glenda.

"Miss Cromwell, please," repeated Baxter.

BY TEN OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS

Accused

- ★ Rupert Hughes
- ★ Vicki Baum
- ★ Zane Grey
- ★ Viña Delmar
- ★ Irvin S. Cobb
- ★ Gertrude Atherton
- ★ J. P. McEvoy
- ★ Ursula Parrott
- ★ Polan Banks
- ★ Sophie Kerr

A Mock Trial—Tortured Moments—On the Witness Stand—Jeff Lays His Plans

DALTON VALENTINE

She slowly rose and swayed in her place. The applause was rapturous.

"Couldn't I be excused?" she pleaded. "Please choose someone else."

The captain interposed nervously, "Perhaps Miss Cromwell isn't feeling—"

"Nonsense," said Baxter, wondering vaguely why the captain should suddenly withhold his coöperation. "If I am going to have a mock trial everybody will have to help. Everyone has to be a good sport. Come on, Glenda, don't be shy."

BAXTER looked to the captain for his approval and again was vaguely puzzled that he seemed to be out of sympathy. Glenda, too, appeared unnecessarily disturbed. But his mind raced ahead.

Seating Glenda in a chair near the platform, he continued his preparations.

"Captain Buchanan will act as judge," he announced. "I will act as prosecuting attorney. Will any gentleman volunteer to defend this beautiful lady?"

A number of hands went up and Baxter selected one of them.

"Are you a lawyer?" he asked.

The voice that answered was as big and booming as the owner.

"No," he bellowed, "but I've got good horse sense."

A roar of laughter drowned out Baxter's reply.

"Now that you're all feeling in such good humor," said Baxter, shaking hands with his opponent, "I hope you won't mind a little jury duty. Naturally we will have a mixed jury, and we may have to lock you all up together for days and days. Any volunteers?"

A snowstorm of hands rewarded him.

"In that case, with the judge's permission, and if there are no objections from my worthy opponent, you are all on the jury—all except those," he added hastily, "whom we may have to call on as witnesses. May we proceed, your honor?"

"You may," replied the captain with tremendous judicial importance.

Baxter turned to the portly counsel for the defense.

"And are you ready, Mr.—er—er—?"

"Rice is the name. And I certainly am ready and r'arin' to go."

Baxter regarded his new opponent with amusement.

"I trust," he said, "you will allow me considerable latitude in the conduct of this trial, since it isn't possible to follow the proper procedure."

"I don't quite follow you, but I'm going to object every chance I get. That's what all the lawyers do."

"Well, that's fair enough," said Baxter, "and if that suits your honor it suits me."

And without any more parley he launched into his opening address:

"Your honor and ladies and gentlemen of the jury: One week ago John Smith was alive. He arose in the morning with no premonition of the terrible fate that was in store for him that day. He was busy and happy, and when evening came he sought the welcome companionship of the one he loved. Each and every one of you knows what that means. You know what it means to love someone; to trust that one; to feel that here at least is a haven and a refuge. And so with John Smith. He asked the woman he loved to come to him. She came with a smile on her lips and death in her hands. As he put his arms around her to kiss her in all love and trust, she held him close and, as his heart beat against hers, she shot him dead."

The crowd gasped and stared at Glenda Cromwell. Baxter's quiet, hypnotic voice continued:

"One week ago John Smith was alive. Today he is dead; slain by the white hands of this woman—this woman." He thundered suddenly: "Look at her! White hands, did I say? No, red. Red with the blood of John Smith!"

J. P. McEVOY
was born in New York and is a graduate of Notre Dame. He has been writing for many years and much of his work has appeared in Liberty. He has produced several Broadway revues, is married and, makes his home in Woodstock, New York.

Baxter stole a quick glance at Glenda to see the effect of his histrionic ability. There was no warm smile of approval. Instead, her frightened eyes and white face bewildered him. Was his acting as good as that, or was she beginning to act her part?

The tension was suddenly shattered by the booming voice of Mr. Rice.

"I object!" he roared.

"To what?" said Baxter, startled.

"Everything. Everything you've said. You haven't proved anything. You've got to stop calling my beautiful client a murderess. When you've proved it it will be time enough. And, ladies and gentlemen of the jury," he beamed, "that's one thing he can't do."

The crowd applauded.

"Then I would like to call the first witness. Mr. William White! I would like to add for your information, your honor, and that of the jury, that Mr. White is an elevator operator in the apartment house in which this murder was committed. Will Mr. William White please come to the witness stand?"

Three William Whites rose and made a bee line for the witness chair, and it required considerable diplomacy on the part of Baxter to make the final selection. Once chosen, Baxter made short work of the preliminaries.

"You are William White and you operate the elevator in the apartment house at 1906 East Sixty-ninth Street, New York City. Is that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you worked there?"

"Ten years."

"Have you ever seen this woman before? Please stand up, Miss Cromwell."

William White looked Glenda over with becoming gravity.

"Yes, sir. Many times."

"When did you see her last?"

"The night of the murder."

"Will you tell in your own words just what happened that night?"

THIS seemed to puzzle Mr. White, who, it was quite evident, had never run an elevator. However, he felt that the success of the trial was now on his shoulders, so he buckled down to it manfully.

"Well, it was like this: I was running the elevator up and down, taking people on and letting them off—you know—and, well, this girl got on the elevator and said she wanted to go up. So I took her up to the floor on which the murder was committed and I let her out and went on about my business—you know, running the elevator up and down."

Mr. White looked around wistfully for applause. "Is that right?"

"That's right," said Baxter. "And when did you take Miss Cromwell down again?"

"Well, I don't remember exactly. It was about an hour, or maybe two hours. You know when you're in an elevator you haven't any clock. You don't really know what time it is."

"But it was the same evening?"

"Oh, yes. Miss Cromwell always left the same evening."

The jury applauded this *beau geste.*

"Well, that's all, Mr. White," said Baxter.

"Are you sure?" said Mr. White, who was beginning to enjoy himself thoroughly. "I could tell you quite a lot more."

"That will be all for the time being. You will have your opportunity when my learned opponent takes you for cross-examination."

Mr. White climbed down with reluctance.

"Now, your honor, I would like to call my next witness, a lady who has been the next-door neighbor of the murdered man for many years. Will Mrs. Evans please take the stand?"

Baxter paused and waited for volunteers, but conventional feminine timidity threatened here to stop proceedings. The captain added his plea.

"I must step out of my rôle as judge for a moment," he said, "and ask you to coöperate with Mr. Baxter. Mrs. Evans is certainly here in this room and I urge her to step forward at once."

A FEW tentative hands went up. Baxter quickly chose a pleasant-faced white-haired lady, who rose and made her way to the witness stand.

"You are Mrs. Evans?" inquired Baxter courteously.

"Yes, I am." She looked around the audience with mingled amusement and embarrassment.

"And you reside in the apartment house at 1906 East Sixty-ninth Street, New York City?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you occupy an apartment next door to the one which was occupied by Mr. John Smith?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were in your apartment on the night of the murder? Is that right?"

"Yes, sir. I guess so."

"You guess so? Don't you know?"

"Yes, sir. I was there."

"Between the hours of ten and eleven?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you hear any unusual noise or disturbances next door?"

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Did you hear any loud voices?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did it sound like two people quarreling?"

"Well, it might have been that or it might have been the radio."

"I move that answer be stricken out!" cried Baxter.

"I object!" yelled the counsel for the defense.

"You are both overruled!" cried the judge. "And I don't want any more disturbances in this court room."

"Now, Mrs. Evans. I want you to consider the answer to this next question very carefully. You say you heard people quarreling next door. Did you hear any sudden noise that sounded like a shot?"

"Yes, sir."

"One, or more than one?"

"More."

"Are you quite sure about this?"

"Yes, sir. I heard shots, but I didn't pay any attention because I thought it was one of those mystery dramas on the radio."

"We are not concerned with your deductions, Mrs. Evans. Only with what you heard. That will be all. Thank you, Mrs. Evans."

Baxter paused for dramatic effect and slowly surveyed the audience.

"And now, your honor and ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I am going to ask Miss Glenda Cromwell to take the stand."

In the tense silence that followed this announcement, Glenda rose. There was something in the way she swayed, in the way she looked at Baxter, that gripped the audience. For a moment they felt this was real. Even Baxter was affected, and again a disquieting feeling of bewilderment came over him. The captain, too, had stiffened. No real judge could have been more solemn, more gravely concerned.

"Your name is Glenda Cromwell?"

Glenda nodded.

"One week ago tonight, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, a Mr. John Smith was shot to death in his apartment. You knew this John Smith, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please speak louder. You knew him over a period of years? Five or more, say?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was your relationship with this murdered man?"

Glenda appealed to him. "We were—friends."

Baxter sneered in his best professional manner. "Friends, eh? Are you sure that was all?"

WITHOUT waiting for an answer, he shouted suddenly:

"Then how is it, if you were only friends, that he could call you on the telephone and demand that you come and see him, even though you had told your friends that everything was over between you, and that you had decided to break off this relationship and marry a man who loved you and wanted to make you an honorable wife?"

"I was afraid."

"What were you afraid of? Did he still have a hold on you?"

"Yes."

"Something in your past?"

Glenda shuddered and whispered inaudibly, "Yes."

Baxter suddenly switched.

"You heard the elevator operator say that he let you off on the floor where the murdered man lived on the night this crime was committed. Is that true?"

"Yes."

"What floor was that?"

"Tenth."

"Where did you get on this elevator?"

"Sixth."

"What were you doing on the sixth floor of this building the night this crime was committed?"

"I—I live there."

Baxter pointed a menacing finger. "Who paid the rent for that apartment?"

Glenda, helplessly, "He did."

"So this man was supporting you. You were living in the same building with him. You were in and out of his apartment at all hours of the day or night. He objected to your marrying another man. He held over you the

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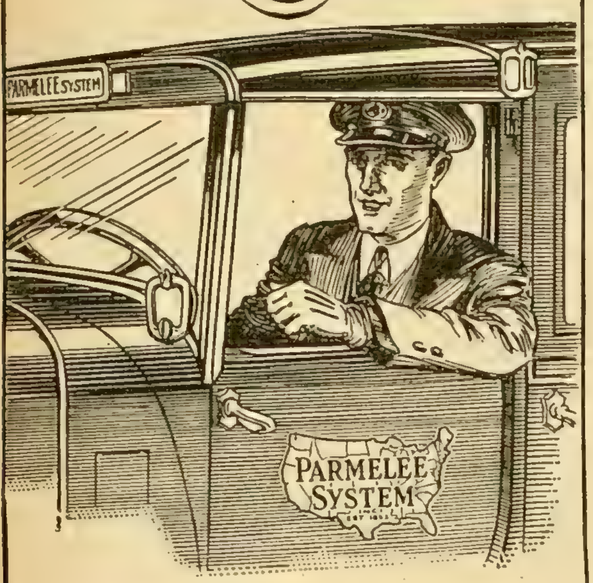

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threat of telling this man something out of your past which would have wrecked everything. He called you to his apartment to warn you of what he intended to do."

"Yes, it's true. It's all true. But I didn't care about myself. I told him I had confessed everything to the man I was going to marry. And then he said, 'He will never have you. I'll kill him first.'"

"Yes; go on."

"I pleaded with him, but he laughed at me. He took a gun out of the drawer and waved it in my face. 'See this,' he said. I tried to grab it, but he snatched it away. I threw myself at him and we fought for the gun. He was holding it and I was hanging on his hand trying to take the gun away from him. Then suddenly it went off, he fell, and left the gun in my hand. I looked at him lying on the floor—and that is all that I remember."

"Just a minute. I want the ladies and gentlemen of the jury to get this clearly. Mrs. Evans, the neighbor of this murdered man, heard voices quarreling in the apartment next door and then she heard shots—more than one. Remember that. When the police examined the body of John Smith they found two bullet holes in him. He had been shot once through the heart and—" Baxter paused and finished grimly, "and once in the back."

Glenda's voice rose in a hysterical scream.

"I didn't shoot him in the back! I didn't shoot him at all! I've told you everything, Jeff."

"Then, if you didn't shoot this man," thundered Baxter, "and your conscience is clear, why did you run away?"

Glenda sobbed bitterly, "Because I wanted six days of paradise with—"

The look of horror on Baxter's face stopped her as though she had been strangled.

She put a hand to her throat, half rose, and pitched forward unconscious at Baxter's feet.

The audience burst into a storm of wild applause. Their cries of "Bravo!" drowned out the captain, who was shouting frantically, "The trial is stopped! Clear the room!"

Chapter Eight

The Bottle of Pills

By

URSULA PARROTT

URSULA PARROTT
who, although still in her twenties, has been married, divorced, and has a five-year-old son. She was born in Boston and studied at Radcliffe, and is the author of Ex-Wife and Strangers May Kiss. Miss Parrott lives in New York and at present is writing for the movies and a number of magazines.

"LET'S go out on the deck for some fresh air," said Jeff. "I'm afraid that mock trial was too realistic."

"Yes," Glenda said, and was able to say nothing more. It seemed hopeless to attempt any explanation.

He had sounded so convincing as the prosecutor that she was sure Jeff believed she killed Leo Young.

She had told him all about her past, including the affair with Young, which she had told him was ended.

Jeff paced silently down the deck, steadying her arm and thinking again of the captain's account of an accidental shooting which he had made the basis of his case at the mock trial, only because the story seemed to offer a prosecutor a good circumstantial case for murder.

"Was that the way Leo Young was shot?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. She felt as if she were back on the witness stand. She wanted to say more—to say, "Let us not discuss that. We will never have to discuss that."

But then he would want to know why. What she really wanted to say was how much she loved him for the time she still had to live—before the police came for her.

"Does anyone suspect you?" she heard him saying.

"The captain told me yesterday that he has orders to turn me over to the police when he reaches port," she said. She had turned her head to answer; and she thought the look on his face was aversion. Instead, it was horror at the thought of a murder trial for her. He knew only too well what a murder trial could be.

"I thought it was only a hypothetical case when the captain told me the story," he said. "How did the captain know it?"

"I told him," she said.

"But the radio news bulletin said the police found fingerprints of a woman whose record they have," he said. "How could they be yours?"

"They have a fingerprint record of me," she said. "That was how I met Leo Young." She told of her arrest in the company of a racketeer, one of the acquaintances of her past, and the charge of complicity which

Young had induced the police to drop after he decided he wanted Glenda for himself.

"Then the fingerprints lead right to your beginning with Young as well as his end," said Jeff.

Glenda could see that end again, with Young waving the pistol and gloating over the prospect of using it on Jeff. "I'm glad he's dead," she added suddenly.

"The prosecutor would be glad to hear you say that," said Jeff warningly. "You mustn't. It would be too easy to build up a deliberation to kill him."

All she could think of was that there would be no prosecution, and all she could find to say was: "No one knows I came aboard with you. Let's avoid each other until the police come for me."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," he said. She thought he was only being kind.

"Think of the publicity about my whole life," she said in anguish. "And now you'll be involved in it."

"We're in for that, no matter what we do," he said and waved the subject aside almost impatiently. His mind was already preparing her defense. He felt her trembling. "Glenda," he said, and to her his voice sounded impatient, although actually it was only anxious, "the silliest thing in the world is to weep over spilt milk."

"You never spilt any, so you don't know," she said gently. "If you had managed your life as badly as I have managed mine, you might think sometimes that there was nothing left but weeping over spilt milk—but regretting, that is."

HIS voice was so intense it held her for a moment. He said, "Glenda, life begins tomorrow. It always does. Whatever the consequences of the way you have come, we'll face them together."

She looked at him as if she could not believe him, looked at him with such devotion, such grief, such love in her expression that he was embarrassed.

He said, "Don't look at me as if I were God, Glenda darling."

She said very gravely, "Perhaps you are as near as I have ever come to Him. I think"—her voice began to tremble, but she steadied it and went on bravely—"I think it is worth living a whole life, worth everything I have been through, to meet at the end someone as admirable as you."

Jeff said, "I'm not admirable. I just love you, and so I know that whatever people have said of you, or have done to you, you remain—utterly adorable."

She said, "I bring fine gifts—to a young man with a brilliant future. Scandal, disgrace—"

He interrupted her then, impatiently: "You bring yourself. That's all I've wanted since I met you."

She sighed. She said, "Jeff, you are older than I am, but sometimes I feel old enough to be your mother, or your aunt. You think that 'myself' is all you will ever want or need. I know that I should bring you disaster."

It was hard, she thought, harder than she would have believed, to hold steadily to her purpose in the face of his love. It was almost unbelievably hard when he put his arms round her, when he tilted her face up to his and smiled down at her, saying, "You fill a man's arms, you fill a man's life. All the ambitions, the hopes I had before I met you seem nothing now, seem childish compared to the joy and the wonder of having you."

She pulled herself away, then stood, a slim, desperate figure leaning against the deck rail, staring at that warm moonlit sea. She said, "All your ambitions, your dreams, will come back and be important again. I would not stand between you and them for anything. If I did—if I tried to—you would blame me in the end. I don't want you to blame me ever—I just want you to remember I loved you."

She turned to go. Jeff, who was anxious to work out details of a possible defense for her—and who felt that Glenda was so tired and harassed she did not know what she was doing or saying—said, kindly enough but hurriedly:

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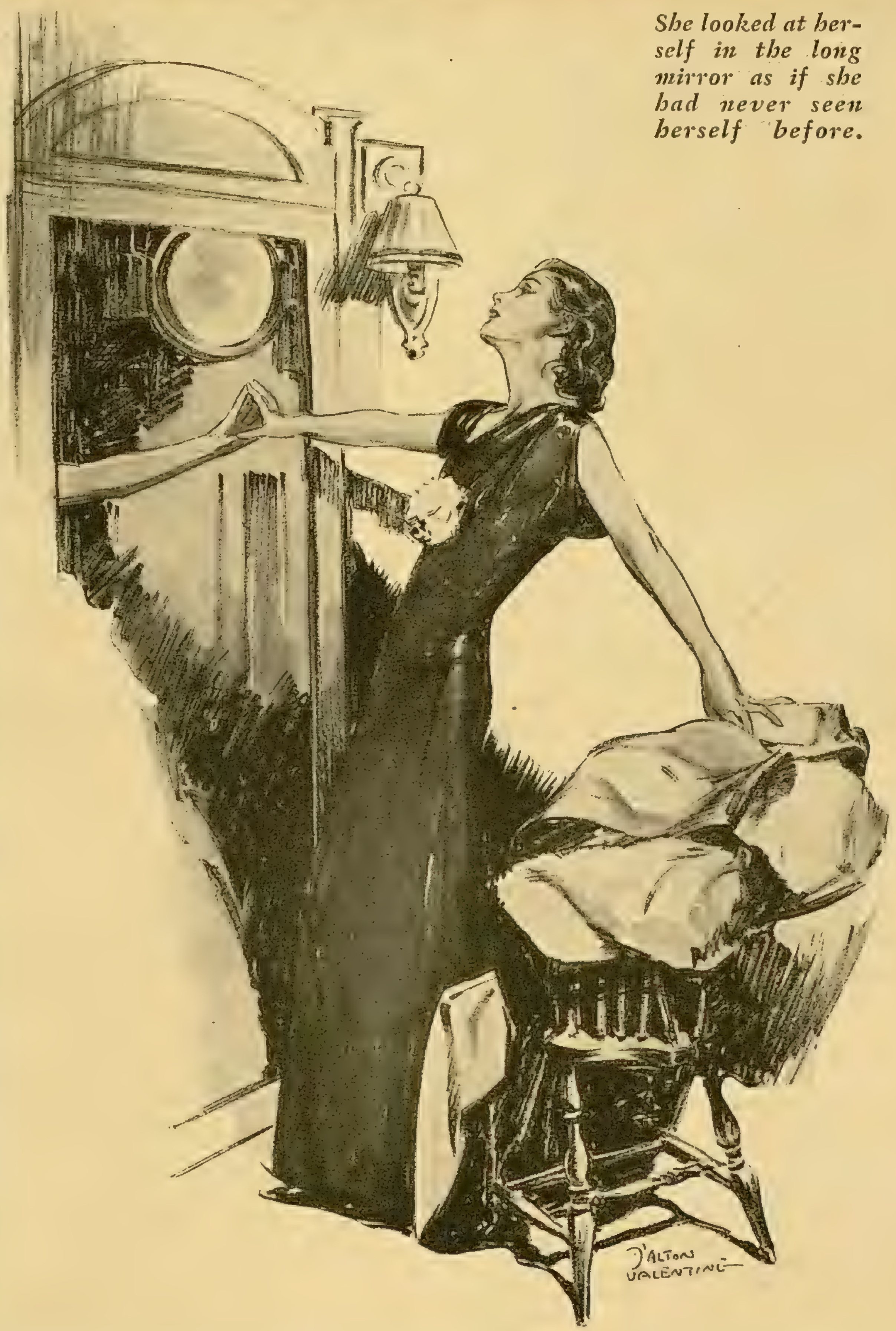

She looked at herself in the long mirror as if she had never seen herself before.

She thought it was dismissal of all their happiness. It never even occurred to Jeff that she might think such a thing. Glenda had never had a man in love with her before and did not know that he would welcome an occasion to undertake a difficult task for her. A man who only liked her would undertake it only if it were not too inconvenient.

Jeff, alone on deck, was already at work at the practical details. To account for the shot in Young's back he must have drop tests made with the pistol to show that it could have fired again into the body on striking the floor. To account for the first shot he placed his hope on the chief medical examiner of New York, a man of great ability, who had settled many uncertainties as to whether a man had killed himself or was killed.

Even under the most unfavorable conditions, it was a case of circumstances against Glenda's credibility. Jeff smiled as he foresaw the use the prosecutor would attempt to make of her past in order to discredit her. Jeff would defeat that by announcing his engagement when they arrived at New York, so that the newspapers would have the double news of the arrest of Glenda Cromwell on suspicion of murder and her engagement to marry Jeffrey Baxter, one of the foremost members of the city bar. The press would seize upon the romance and Glenda would have a sympathetic public opinion. Jeff was grateful now for the prestige and reputation for uprightness which he had accumulated, so that he might put it at her service.

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inal fingerprint story and brought Glenda's racketeer acquaintance from the penitentiary to testify to the original affair from which Leo Young took her, Jeff would simply question him about his criminal career and get that before the jury. Then he would ask, "Do you know what it means to be in love?" He didn't want an answer. And he knew the objections of the prosecutor would prevent the racketeer from answering.

If the prosecutor produced any of Leo Young's associates to prove an affair with Glenda, Jeff was sure he could find something in the past of associates of that underworld lawyer that would make them uncomfortable on the witness stand; and then he would ask them also if they thought they could recognize real love when they saw it. He did not expect an answer to that either.

When the prosecutor had presented his case, Jeff planned to make his first defense witness Glenda, to tell her story. Then, as the case turned on whether or not the jury would believe her, he would call one character witness and only one: Jeffrey Baxter, her counsel and fiancé.

He himself would undertake to answer his own unanswered question and to convey to the jury, despite the rules of evidence, what it means to be in love.

And he would conclude by telling the jury that as soon as the verdict was handed in he intended to marry Glenda.

ASTIR with the activity of a legal mind and the devotion of a lover, he paced up and down the deck and elaborated the rescue of Glenda. If he had stopped to think of it, he might have recognized that he was grateful for the opportunity.

Meanwhile Glenda had gone to her cabin.

Through an open window on one side she could see that the evening dancing had commenced in the break of the deck. She herself had danced last night with Jeff, happily.

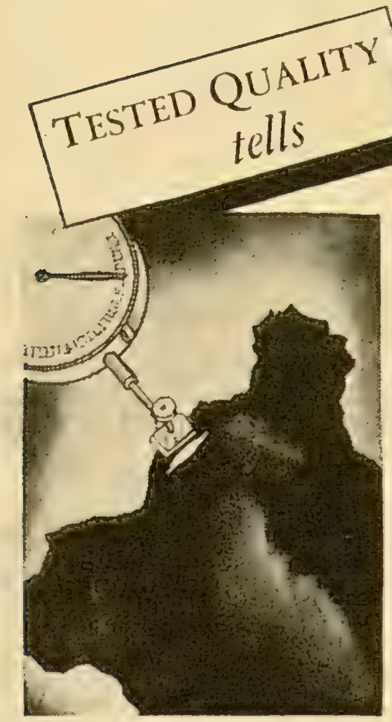
She told herself she should never have come. When there had been nothing to encumber his career but the fact that somebody might say he had married the former mistress of Leo Young, she had insisted on secrecy for this which was to be their wedding trip. Yet she had come to him when she knew she would shortly be hunted as the mistress who had become a murderess. The full horror of a public review of her life descended on her. She could see the headlines. She wanted to make Jeff understand that she had come only because she so desperately wanted to be with him before she died. Of all the men she had known, he alone did not lead her around like something to be displayed. He seemed interested only in her, and eager to take her out of the life she had been living—it would have been the same no matter what sort of life it was—in order to make a new life for both of them forever.

It could not be forever now, but at least she had hoped for a six-day passage to paradise. She had put aside marriage and intended to kill herself before the scandal caught up with them. Anything else would be unfair to Jeff. Those people dancing outside, so busily enjoying themselves, were all too busy to recognize anything but the way things seemed. They would all think she killed Leo Young. She must go the way she had come. Since no one understood her position, the best she could do was to defer to theirs. She had better write a note to Jeff and come to the end she had foreseen.

She went out on the lighted deck. One or two of those dancing happily spoke to her. She answered them somehow, left them quickly, went along the deck to a little writing room which overlooked the dance floor. She found ship stationery, and began.

She wrote rapidly:

DEAR JEFF: Perhaps I should have told you what happened before you heard of it. But I was so frightened. I ran to you. I couldn't tell you. I was afraid you would have no



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> more of me after you knew. I wanted to have only a few of the days with you that seemed to have been promised to me. In return I made up my mind to remove myself. It seemed all right that way. You had begun to mean something so wonderful that I reached for you. I never had any such days and I wanted them so. Now it seems different. There were things I hadn't thought about. I thought we would get past the boat trip at least. I must go now rather than stay to be a disgrace and a regret. My only excuse for starting on this trip as I did was that I intended to do this at the end. I don't want to die, but I am not afraid to do it for you.

She looked at the letter as if trying to decide what more there was to be said. Then she walked across the writing room to look through the side porthole which opened directly on the ocean. Last night, under the same moon, with Jeff's arm steadying her on the boat deck, the ocean seemed as serene as eternal happiness. Tonight it seemed as impersonal as justice—or as insensible as the mind of the police which she had once confronted.

She turned quickly back to the table and stared with horror at the letter she had written. Then, with a bitter smile, she wrote the last line:

> It suddenly strikes me, just in time, that suicides' letters are seized by the police, and that I would involve you just as much if I left this last explanation.
> GLENDA.

Then she tore up the note and dropped it through the porthole.

On an impulse, she rang for a steward, to send for Jeff, to bid him farewell, but when the steward arrived she said only, "Close that porthole."

She would have to do without farewell or explanation, as without her short-lived trip to paradise. Having felt she understood all the men she had met in the past, she had believed in none—until she met Jeff, whom she believed in because she failed to understand how he felt about her.

There seemed to be no more to do, or only one thing more, and that could be done quickly.

SHE left the writing room and went back to the deck. One of the men who had been dancing said, "May I have the next one?"

She managed to laugh when she answered. She said, "I had my last dance of the voyage last night. I am so eager now to get to sleep that I can't wait to dance." She moved on past him. But something in her voice was so strained that he stared after her curiously. The girl with whom he had been dancing came up then; said, "You'll have to put up with me."

The man answered, "Who could ask better?" and they danced.

In Glenda's cabin the dance music came faintly. She looked at herself in the long mirror that fronted the wardrobe, strangely, as if she had never seen herself before.

Dimly in that mirror she seemed to see behind the figure of a girl in evening dress—a girl who looked beautiful but utterly weary—figures of other people, men with whom she had danced long ago, the dreadful figure of Leo, and at last the smiling face of Jeff. She kissed her hand to it lightly. It blurred, was lost among the shouting faces at a trial that she had seen. Those were faces that shouted, "She's guilty! Any girl with a past like hers is guilty, *guilty*, GUILTY!"

Glenda covered her face with her hands.

She said, "No! No! No!"

Then she moved quickly. In the right-hand top drawer of her dressing table was a bottle of pills. She took them out. She had been trembling before, but she was not now.

She poured herself a glass of water, swallowed several of the innocuous-looking white pellets, drank the water, and stood still.

FOR a second's space after that she wavered. There was the door that led to Jeff's cabin. She moved toward it, put her hand on the latch of the door, then took her hand away.

On the way to her bed she looked once more at the mirror, which showed her nothing now but her own white face. She said, and she tried to smile at that blurring shadow, "And so good-by to that."

She lay down then, in the dress that Jeff had admired, and waited for death. A sense of serenity came over her. She stopped trembling. Everything seemed so remote. It did not seem very important that she was to die immediately. It was more important that she was dying decently. Soldiers had some idea like that when they died.

She did not know how much time had passed. Soldiers had things to keep them busy. She tried to imagine what sort of world she was going to, but found the prospect too indefinite. She could only leave this world, looking backward at it.

Outside the window the world danced on. To one about to die, jazz seems so tender. She tasted of it. They were playing the tune she had danced to with Jeff last night. The warmth of that last night filled her.

She wished she knew if Jeff really thought it a disgrace and a regret that he had ever known her. The cabin seemed warm with his presence. She couldn't die in a cabin where she had been so happy. She clutched the sides of her berth to keep herself from rushing to ask him if it was necessary for her to die so soon.

The door opened gently and Jeff came in.

In next week's concluding installment Polan Banks and Sophie Kerr will tell what happened to Glenda after Jeffrey Baxter found her in the cabin.

I Care at Last

By EVA TANGUAY

A Celebrated Star of the Stage Learns the True Meaning of Happiness in Her Hour of Adversity

Acme photo

Eva Tanguay as she looked singing I Don't Care at the pinnacle of her "big-time" popularity and affluence.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

FOR twenty-five years I have been singing a song entitled I Don't Care. But now I have a new song. It is my new theme song of life, and its spirit is I *Do* Care.

Only a few weeks ago I thought the world had forgotten me. I was preparing to die alone, nearly destitute. And yet it isn't so long since I made $3,500 a week as a vaudeville headliner. In those prosperous days I thought luxuries necessary to my happiness. I know better now.

When I was too sick to move, when my bed was a shabby army cot, something bigger and greater than mere personal comfort took possession of my heart and soul. I had always thought I pretty well understood God and His ways. But I had never felt the light of His countenance upon me till then.

I think I was probably pretty close to slipping off into another world when suddenly help came from friends and loved ones—and persons I have never met.

I shall never forget what a sense of irony possessed me when I first gazed upon the meagerly furnished room of the tiny cottage that I went to when things were going from bad to worse. That cottage was my last material possession of any value. At one time I had owned fourteen pieces of property in Los Angeles, including a beautiful $40,000 home, a show place.

I went dizzy with burning memories. And then suddenly I looked down upon that humble army cot. It was designed to be the bed of a soldier! I threw myself on it and cried.

After a while I sat up, and through eyes cleared by tears I saw that God was testing my mettle.

It's a funny thing how nearly all happenings in life are ordained for special purposes. That cot became a symbol to me—a symbol of courage. By degrees my spirit came back, and with it faith. I *knew* help would come to me. I somehow felt it wasn't to be that I should die alone and be buried in a pauper's grave.

I was thinking along this line one day when I recalled that years ago I had heard that an aged actress, Mrs. Barrett, once famous and wealthy, had died at the Brooklyn Poor Farm. I had immediately wired money with which to give her a proper burial with flowers.

That tiny act of decent human kindness was repaid a thousandfold when the good people of the stage, the National Vaudeville Association, friends and hosts of old-time associates, opened their hearts and homes and purses to me recently. Why, scarcely a day passes that the mail doesn't hold some messages from friends. Or from total strangers!

I never let my own dear sister know of my troubles until the last. It is almost an unwritten law among stage folk never to cry for aid.

Many people who remember me with all my diamonds and ermine wraps and cloth-of-gold gowns and what not may think the thing that hit me hardest was giving them up. That would be a mistake. In my heart I have always been a person of the greatest simplicity.

A woman friend visited me recently and asked me:

"How in the world, Pin, did you get into such straitened financial circumstances?"

Close friends call me "Pin." It's been my nickname since I was born. I only weighed five pounds, and an old French-Canadian nurse told my mother I was only "as big as a pin." The description has stuck to me.

"And what happened," my friend continued, "to the seventy-eight thousand you made in twenty-six weeks a few years back?"

Well, what happens to the money of any actress who isn't cold-blooded, shrewd, and selfish?

It goes and goes: for running expenses of her act or show; for the support of relatives; for charities; to unfortunates who touch her for small "loans"; in bad investments. That $78,000 was certainly a lot of money. But by the time I had paid all the expenses of my tour, the wonder was that I had anything left for myself.

Once an actress has taken care of her family, she can never get over the habit—and I don't think it's such a bad one, either. At one time in the height of my career *I was actually supporting eleven families.*

It was at this same time that I did a thing that has never been forgotten. I hired a private car to bring three of my little dogs to California from Chicago, and paid $2,200 for it. I certainly didn't do that as a stunt. I love animals sincerely. But I have never lived that wastefulness down.

The fruits of my labors are happy memories and letters by the hundred written to me by persons I have never seen. Recently I went through one of my trunks and found a note in a strange scrawl. It was from a man who wrote to thank me for a pair of artificial arms I had bought him.

That happened so long ago that I had forgotten it. I recalled how at the time of his accident the papers had told of his destitute condition.

Another letter was from a woman, the first she had written after twelve years of virtual blindness. I had discovered her one day ironing clothes, even though she could scarcely see, and had sent her to a hospital to have the cataracts removed from her eyes.

My work in the theater has made it possible for me to be blessed with memories such as these. That is why I am so anxious to get well and carry on. My life has been rich in experiences, but the greatest has been the privilege of seeing in the unfolding of my own destiny the proof of: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the difference between the medical terms arteritis and arthritis?

2—What does the expression "to rule the roast" mean?

3—How did the elephant and donkey become emblems of the Republican and Democratic parties?

4—What proportion of the world's population is Chinese?

5—What is a hurrah's nest?

6—Does the Bible say that the earth is round?

7—Who wrote "I am monarch of all I survey"?

8—Who was the Young Pretender?

9—What was the origin of the name of the flower camellia?

10—What is an abbess?

11—What is a canapé?

12—What city is popularly called the Crossroads of the East?

13—What is a "pipe" as used in wine making?

14—From what circumstance did the Hessian fly derive its name?

15—What are gambadoes?

16—Where are the Dolomites?

17—Where was Moses buried?

18—How did comets come to have that name applied to them?

19—What is the motto of the Prince of Wales?

20—Where is the quotation "Barkis is willin'" to be found?

(Answers will be found on page 47)

Besides aspirin, what products does Squibb manufacture?
(see page 47 for the answer)

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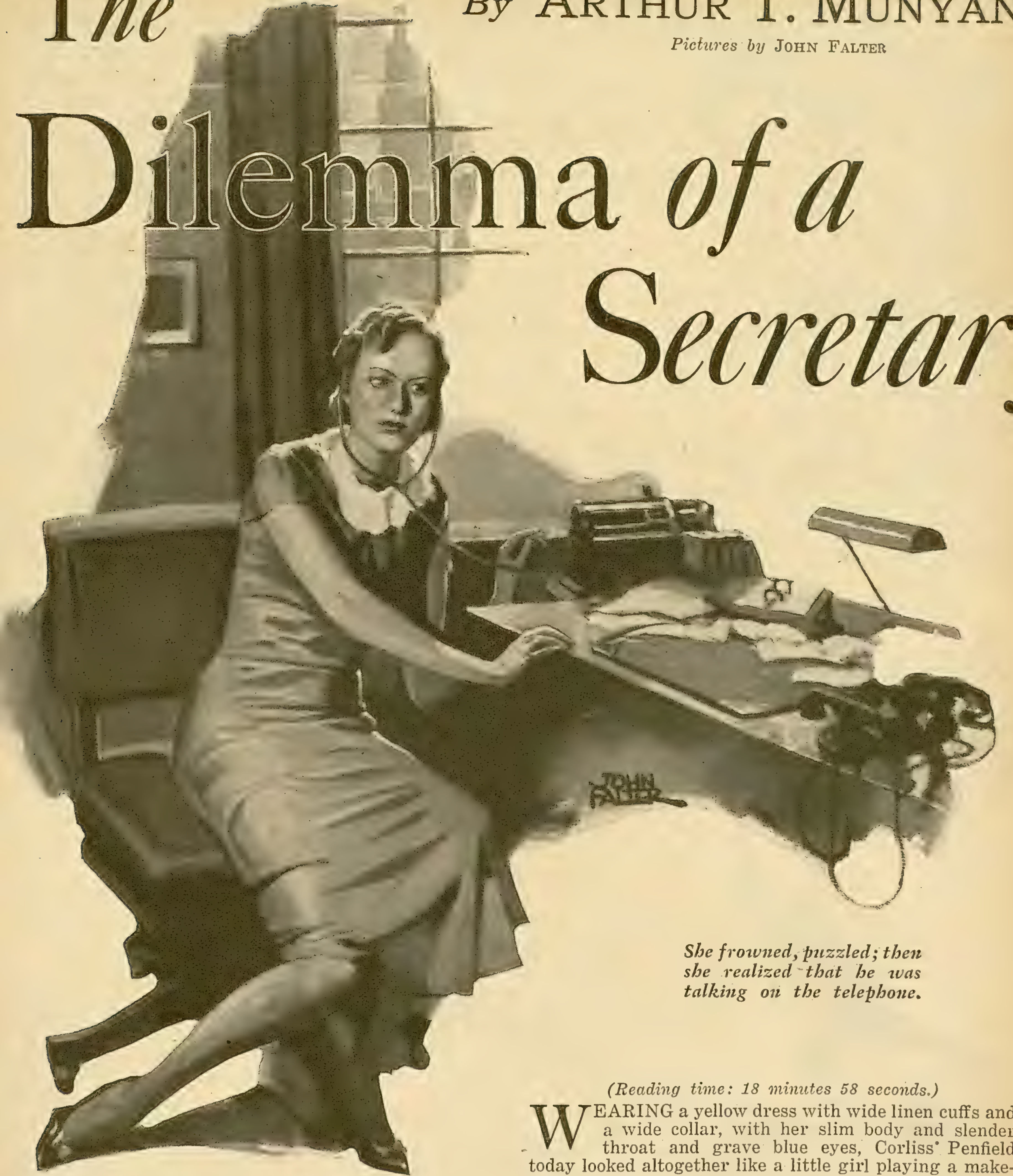
The Dilemma of a Secretary

By ARTHUR T. MUNYAN

Pictures by JOHN FALTER



She frowned, puzzled; then she realized that he was talking on the telephone.

Proving that Dictaphones Are Good for Something Besides Dictation

(Reading time: 18 minutes 58 seconds.)

WEARING a yellow dress with wide linen cuffs and a wide collar, with her slim body and slender throat and grave blue eyes, Corliss Penfield today looked altogether like a little girl playing a make-believe called "business woman." But she really was young Mr. Armstrong's secretary, and a very competent one. And if ever a man lived who needed a good one, Pat Armstrong was the man.

Not that he was incompetent. Far from it! But he had no form. Order was to him what a vacuum is to nature. Without Corliss his office would have been a cheerful hurrah's nest.

Pat, this afternoon, was off somewhere. He had made a memo: "Tennis finals," but there was no knowing whether that meant today at Sea Bright or next week at Rye; there was no date. "Take Sally along," was added in different pencil, either as an afterthought or on a bright hint from Sally herself. Anyway, with Pat gone

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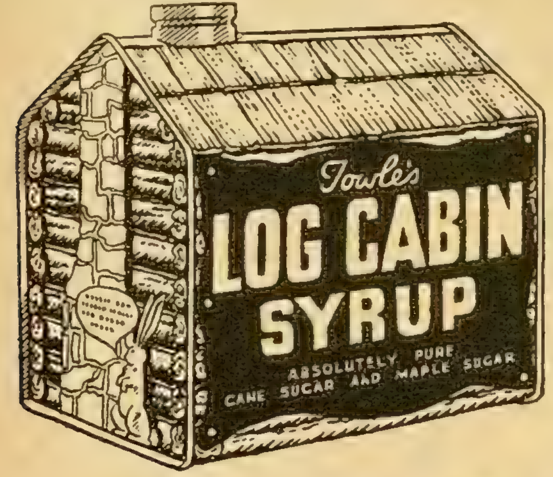

Whenever youth takes to wheels there's just one name to remember—

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bicycles—velocipedes
playcycles—roller skates

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY • NEW YORK

the place seemed empty, haunted by his absence. Corliss puttered around, missing his commotion and wishing even a telephone would ring. All three were dead.

One instrument could have held the traffic, but Pat's boundless vitality needed three, three of the facile French type. He would blow in, a tall muscular chap with a perennial clear tan, sea-gray eyes, blond hair with a sunburned wave in it. Then jingle, jingle. And Pat would pick up one phone, then another, and as often as not two at once.

"Hello. Oh, hel-*lo*, Jack. (Penny-dig-up-that-Preston-file-for-me-will-you?) Oh, absolutely, Jack. Go ahead. Yes, fix it up; deal me in. (Operator, I want to talk to New London. Call me?) Just a sec, Jack, someone on this other wire. (Hello, Tony. No, I just put in a call. Yes, I'll ask him and buzz you back.) Listen, Jack, what about—" And so on.

Work, sports, play, all merged for Pat in fascinating medley; he went out for everything with the same gusto and the same fine disregard of order and detail.

His desk looked like a magpie's nest. His letters outraged all proper ideas of business formality. If he ever consulted the files the result was a calamity. He used the golf course for conferences and the office rugs for mashie shots. Girls and gilded youths invaded his working hours, took him off to lunch and forgot to bring him back. Or he would forget office, lunch, friends, and all else for the grease and roar of a new engine on the testing blocks.

It was Pat's young blood that made the business go. He made Armstrong speed boats faster and smarter than ever. He pulled in orders. And if he hooked off an afternoon he would just as cheerfully work half the night.

WHEN he did this he poured hot ideas, reports, and letters into the mouthpiece of a dictating machine. There were a few small gadgets and rules for operating the thing properly, but Pat, with his debonair impatience, couldn't bother with them, so that the cylinders he made sounded like four Hawaiians, like Babel, bedlam, gibberish; but Corliss didn't mind.

She liked him just the way he was; and so, for that matter, did everybody else. He was so blithe about it all. Pat had never knowingly hurt anyone in his life, or been hurt himself. Corliss did his work easily and well; she was used to it and to him; knew his ways as if she had been his wife.

Was she, she sometimes wondered, in love with him? No, not quite. As a woman she had an ultimate sense, a safety stop, that kept her from falling in love, making a fool of herself over a man outside her sphere of personal attachment. No, she was not going to allow herself to be unhappy about Pat.

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Miami Biltmore

She naturally thought about him a lot, surmising his life. The places he went were only names to her: fights, big games, regattas, yachting week-ends, Pierre's, Southampton, Lake Placid; but she could imagine them, her mind investing them with glamour. In profile at least, she had seen most of his close friends—the cool, taut girls, the nonchalant young men.

She had read their temperaments in their minor, unaware actions. She knew the ones that were good for Pat, or otherwise; and why, or why not. She saw motives which Pat never discerned.

Dreamy-eyed, Corliss made a vague gesture, a slow pirouette, in the center of the floor. A brief, unguarded femininity. She was trying to see, or think up, something more to do to pass the time. Suddenly she had it.

A SMILE, tender and ironical, touched her lips. Pat might have been in last night. That morning, as routine, she had looked for newly dictated cylinders and found none. But she had looked in the proper place.

It would be altogether like Pat to stick a record in the wrong tray, the tray of old cylinders set aside for shaving.

Corliss stooped down and looked, still smiling. Sure enough, there did seem to be a stray one there. It had no identification because Pat never bothered with such meticulous detail; she could find out what it was only by trying it. She slid the cylinder on her machine and adjusted the stethoscope affair. In a moment she heard a voice, low-pitched and brittle like all recordings but inimitably Pat in idiom and inflection.

"Hello, Penny. Are you there?"

"Yes, darling," she said fantastically.

"Say, listen, kid. I want you to do something for me. I've been trying to get Pete Winship on the phone and I can't raise anybody. Will you get hot on it and either wire him or get in touch with him? Here's the idea: He's taking a bunch down to New London on his boat from Larchmont. They're having dinner at the club and leaving afterward. Tell him I can't make it for dinner—I can't make the Larchmont end of it at all—but if he'll send the gig in for me when they pass here going down the Sound I'll be ready. Oh, that's tomorrow night, Friday—"

Corliss clicked off the machine and jumped up in dismay. Tonight! She ought to have known this hours ago. Still— After the first panic she realized that there was yet ample time. She sat down again to the machine. Perhaps there was something else urgent on the cylinder.

"Oh, one more thing, Penny," said Pat's voice. Then: "Stand by a minute, will you?"

After that she heard his words thinly but distinctly, like speech over long-distance. She frowned, puzzled for a moment; then she realized that he was talking on the telephone, an incoming call.

He had not stopped the machine, was still clutching the mouthpiece and still holding it near his lips while he talked into the French phone which he had picked up in his left hand.

"Hello. Hello. . . . Oh, Sally! . . . Have you, darling? I'm awfully sorry. I've been . . ."

Ought she to listen? Corliss debated. After all, why not? She heard most of his telephone calls, personal or not. And he'd told her to stand by. She could only listen for his next dictation.

Sally Creighton. The frown deepened on Corliss' brow. She had a vision of moist lips, too full and too red, sultry dark eyes, a girl like a dark flower, a heavy perfume.

Pat was saying: "I didn't call you because I didn't want to rush you into anything. . . . You know I meant it, Sally. I don't say things like that unless— . . . After midnight—yes. What of it? After and before are all one to me. . . . You know I do. . . . I care an awful lot, but I just can't say things to a telephone. . . . But don't be unhappy! Don't feel that way! . . . Oh, Sally, don't be like that, will you?"

The voice trailed off, too far away to be understood. Sally, reflected Corliss cynically, was forever being hurt, insulted, misunderstood, or lied about. It seemed too bad—until you realized it was just a technique.

PAT'S voice came on clear again, crisp and definite in tone: "Tomorrow night. . . . Well, whatever time *you* say. . . . As late as that? Midnight it is, then. . . . No; boat, don't you think? . . . I said I think we'd better take the speed boat. . . . Gosh, darling, I don't know much about licenses and those things either, but I'll fix all that. . . . Yes. . . . Of course I'm happy. . . . You bet. We'll have grand times. . . . Good night . . . What? . . . Oh, good night, dearest."

The machine ran on in a silence finally broken by Pat's far-off whisper: "Oh, God! I'm sunk."

His voice, near and decisive again, said, "Penny! Are you still on? Never mind that business with Pete Winship. Cancel it, drop it, let it go. Oh, hell! What ails me?" It had dawned on him that he could cancel it himself by simply throwing out the record.

He had done so. It had been in the discard by his intention, not by mistake. And he had not realized at all that his telephone talk had registered on the cylinder.

An illness almost physical swept Corliss. His voice, so strange, with every ounce of its buoyancy gone!

Pat and Sally Creighton!

The marriage would be his ruin. It might last a year, or two, but it would be the end of him. It would leave him burned out. Corliss knew that.

She jumped up and walked over to the window in an anguish of indecision. Off to the left the wide Sound

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 44

1—The first is inflammation of the arteries; the second, inflammation of the joints, or gout.

2—To be at the head of affairs.

3—They were the inventions of Thomas Nast, the famous cartoonist.

4—More than one fifth.

5—An American colloquial term for utmost confusion.

6—Yes; see Isaiah 40:22.

7—William Cowper.

8—The grandson of James II of England.

9—Linnæus, noted Swedish botanist, named it after Georg Josef Kamel, a Moravian Jesuit traveler.

10—The mother superior of a convent.

11—The French word meaning sofa or divan; also bread or toast used as a bed on which to put minced meats, pastes, etc.

12—Singapore.

13—A liquid measure containing two hogsheads, or from 200 to 280 gallons.

14—This fly, so destructive to wheat, was believed to have been imported into the United States in straw brought for the Hessian troops in the Revolutionary War.

15—Long boots or leggings attached, one on each side, to a saddle instead of stirrups, for protecting the rider's legs.

16—In Italy; a division of the Alps.

17—In Moab; Deuteronomy 34:6.

18—Probably from Latin and Greek words of similar form meaning hairy or long-haired, the comet in its flight resembling a fiery head with long hair streaming behind it.

19—*Ich Dien* (I Serve).

20—In David Copperfield, by Dickens.

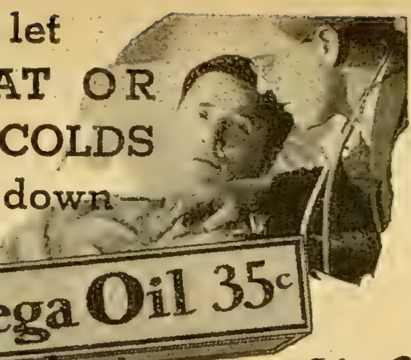
The Answer to the Aspirin Question
(question on page 44)

In addition to 70 home necessities, E. R. Squibb & Sons manufacture many products, including serums, antitoxins, chemical and biological preparations, used the world over in waging war on disease and in preserving health. These products are manufactured to the highest standards—standards to which even a home remedy like aspirin *must* conform. Therefore, for your protection—

PURE
EFFECTIVE SAFE
SQUIBB ASPIRIN
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK

Say "SQUIBB ASPIRIN, Please!"

Don't let
THROAT OR
CHEST COLDS
get you down—



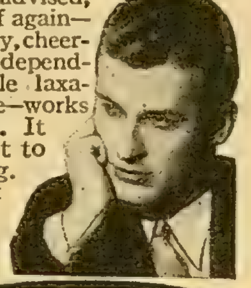
Omega Oil 35c
brings relief

The same features that make Omega Oil a triple threat to muscular aches and pains also make it the best external treatment for chest and throat colds. It rubs in safely—to break up the congestion. It penetrates—to bring soothing relief over-night. Children and adults find this the quickest and most pleasant way to end colds without internal dosing. At all drug stores.

RUB IT IN · · · · IT WON'T BLISTER

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

SHE *could* have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.



FREE! Beautiful 1933 Calendar-Thermometer — samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to
A. H. LEWIS CO.
Desk 59-K
St. Louis, Missouri

NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

WHOOPING COUGH?

CROUP?

VAPORS RELIEVE DURING SLEEP

RELIEF AT ONCE! That is Vapo-Cresolene's magic effect! Checks paroxysms and vomiting. Permits restful sleep. Antiseptic — halts infection. Used with great success for over 53 years in treating Whooping Cough, Bronchial Asthma, Coughs & Colds, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis. Choice of Lamp-Type or New Electric Vaporizer. Full directions with every package. At all drug stores.

LAMP-TYPE VAPORIZER

Vapo-Cresolene.

FREE! *Valuable information on Relief of Respiratory Ills. Write for Booklet B10*

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York, N. Y.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

MEN and women can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. We show you how, and our employment service provides work. Send for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY, Ltd.
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Canada

opened out. Directly across the blue inlet she could see the Armstrong place, charming amid stately trees and broad lawns that sloped to the water's edge.

Yesterday Pat's life had seemed so fortunate. Now this had happened. But things didn't simply happen all at once, however they might seem to. Pat had been drifting toward this vortex for weeks, perhaps for always.

Why, Corliss asked herself wildly, must it be Sally? And how had it happened? Why, when he hated it, was he going through with it? And why, at all events, elope?

All the answers came to the same thing: Sally was like that. Pat wasn't in love with her, and she knew it. She had worked up her own feelings and his to a pitch of hysteria. She had to take him now while the short infatuation lasted.

Pat had always liked her, just as he liked everybody, quite casually at first. But it was impossible to remain casual very long with Sally. She was never offhand; she was always intense. She infused the most ordinary social gathering with a hectic physical appeal. On a party she attached herself to Pat with an intimate, almost clandestine air. Her every glance and murmur and *moue* was a secret shared with Pat alone.

Corliss had observed that. Anything more was in the nature of surmise. But it wasn't very difficult to infer the sultry emotions of Sally's hours alone with Pat. Burning, perfumed kisses; misunderstandings; arguments; quarrels; tears; the lovely attitudes of a hurt child; reconciliations; kisses. *Da capo.* A continued third act, picked up this time where it left off last. Poor Pat!

Then some final climax. Sobs and kisses after midnight. Words, murmured endearments. And Pat, emerging from a mauve haze of emotion, appalled to find himself committed to Sally, to a mad marriage, and to a silly elopement. Tonight!

Corliss had no right to interfere. She had no right even to the knowledge of the affair. But the thought of Pat going off with Sally was unendurable. Corliss pressed her finger tips to her eyes, striving to think.

One of the strongest forces in her life was a hidden, fierce loyalty to Pat. She had turned all her possible feeling for him into that one narrow channel. Tonight, unaware of it himself, he was depending on her. How could she fail him?

"But what *can* I do?" she asked herself wretchedly.

PAT ARMSTRONG looked at his watch for the seventh time, and it was ten to twelve. He closed the single piece of luggage he was taking with him and slunk—for the first time in his life—from the house. A premature nostalgia gripped at his throat for no good reason.

When he was with Sally he felt one way, and now that he was not with her he felt a different way, and that tormented him.

Why were they eloping this way, anyhow? Why couldn't they have got engaged like other people? Sally said that unless they seized happiness quickly with both hands they'd lose it. She *knew*. It was intuition, or something.

Half of Pat was skeptical. The other half angrily defended her. He had reached the tide bridge that led down to the float where the speed boat tugged gently at its hitch. By her own arrangement Sally was meeting him there. In his heart lay the lurking hope, denied by all his decent instincts, that she wouldn't show up; yet his blood raced and his nerves tingled at the thought of her coming.

HE turned quickly at a sound from the gap in the hedge. His heart sank for an instant as he saw her. Then Sally came toward him with little running steps, sobbed once, and flung herself in his arms, clinging to him.

"Darling, what is it?" he asked her, touched.

"Nothing; I—"

"But you're crying."

"No. It's nothing." She drew back a little, laughing tremulously, and he saw then that she was really self-possessed enough. Her eyes held a triumphant glitter. She moved closer to him and lifted her lips.

Her kiss gave no exaltation; and it left a slippery, sweet, perfumed smear on his mouth. Sally walked down to the float with assured steps. After a moment Pat picked up the two bags and followed her.

She turned to him as he joined her. "I've been so afraid," she sighed, "so afraid you wouldn't come, or something."

Her attitude irritated him. "You needn't have been, you see," he said.

"*Do* you love me?" she demanded. "You don't! Then *say* it!"

He kissed her. That was easier than the dreary reiteration. Then he bent and drew the boat in, holding up one hand to help Sally aboard.

Two sharp blasts of a motor horn brought him to his feet, startled. A yacht's gig cut around the point of the rock jetty, made a spinner turn, and swooped alongside the float.

Holding Sally by the arm, Pat stared in bewilderment and saw Pete Winship, Betty, Tony—half a dozen of the crowd.

"Hi, Pat. Hi, Sally. Come on, fall aboard."

Pat turned to Sally. "I didn't know— It's some mistake. I don't know yet—but they think we're going to New London with them."

Sally's eyes blazed at him with sultry suspicions. . . . .

Pat came Monday forenoon, looking enchanted with life. But the moment he looked at her a horrible thing happened to Corliss. A slow blush crept upward until her face was flaming.

"Ah!" said Pat. "I—thought so."

"Thought what?" she faltered.

"Nights," he told her, "after everybody else had turned in, I sat

'MOIST THROAT' ENDED HIS COUGH!

Your throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny "bottles" continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues . . . *until you "catch cold."*

"I had coughs all winter, till I learned about 'moist throat,'" writes R. G., of New York City.

Then these pores clog. Phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

Your cough will be cured only when you increase the flow of your throat's *natural moisture*, loosening the phlegm so it can be expelled. Many cough "remedies" contain numbing drugs which merely "deaden" the nerves . . . but don't get at the real root of the trouble!

PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of throat moisture and brings quick relief naturally.

If your throat's the least bit raw or dry, take a few spoons of PERTUSSIN now. It's absolutely safe, even for children. You can get it at all drug stores, 60¢.

In times like these . . .

Sell A

PRACTICAL MARKET

Eliminate dwellers in the wide open spaces, where it cost $3 to sell a $2 bill of goods.

Concentrate on families with incomes high enough to provide adequate—and immediate—purchasing power.

Then choose the medium that reaches this hand-picked market most effectively—economically—*profitably*.

Your advertising appropriation—per dollar spent—reaches more urban families with incomes of $2,000 and over in Liberty than in *any other* major magazine.

Brand New NOW ONLY $19.75 TYPEWRITER

Guaranteed by REMINGTON

Sensationally new low price and easy terms. Standard 4-row keyboard—fully guaranteed by Remington Co. Choice of Colors.

Send No Money, 10 Day Trial

Send for new literature and easy pay plan—only $1.00 down, then 10c a day. **Also bargains in Standard Size refinished office models.** Sent free. Write for details and special money-making opportunities.

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St, Dept. 277, Chicago

out on the deck thinking it all out."

"Oh. And did you—did you get the answers?"

"I think so, but you'll have to check me." His eyes narrowed with thought. "First," he stated, "you found that cylinder. I'd thrown it out, but it might have been important for all that. Am I right?"

She nodded.

"It said, arrange with Pete to stop by here for me. Then it said, never mind, let it go. But you got Pete anyhow. He and the crowd barged in just as Sally and I were getting away. They threw all our plans. But how did you know Sally and I were bunking off? That stuck me. Then it dawned. Sally had phoned me. And I, dumb-bell that I am, got my end of the conversation all tangled up on that cylinder. Didn't I?"

"That's how it was," she confessed. "Tell me what happened!"

"It's all off," he told her briefly. "The idea never was a good one. We found that out—in time—over the long week-end."

"That's what I hoped," she whispered. "It would have been a terrible mistake."

He came over to her and put both hands on her shoulders. "Penny! Why don't you marry me yourself!"

"Wh-what?" she gasped.

"I know. That surprises you—but does it?"

"But I—we've never thought about each other that way."

"I think we've thought, and cared, a lot about each other that way, without quite knowing it till now. Darling, think! Sooner or later I'm going to marry someone, and so are you. And that's going to be awful for *us*, and for one or two other people, unless we marry each other. Isn't it?"

"Ye-es," she admitted. "But I've never—"

Pat laughed. "I know. But that's just because you've never—"

He was holding her close in his arms. She opened her eyes very wide as his lips touched hers, but her lashes slowly closed as she found herself returning his lingering kiss.

THE END

DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS
HAMMOND HOUSE
LOST LAND LAKE WISCONSIN

HAD COLLINS COMMITTED SUICIDE HIS FINGERPRINTS WOULD HAVE BEEN ON KNIFE STOP AS THEY WERE NOT AND EITHER BUTLER OR ADAMS GUILTY YOU SUSPICION LATTER BECAUSE IF BUTLER COMMITTED MURDER HE WOULD NOT HAVE WIPED DEAD MANS PRINTS OFF KNIFE THEN LEFT HIS OWN BUT IF ADAMS THE KILLER HE WOULD NATURALLY HAVE WIPED OFF HIS OWN FINGERPRINTS AFTER STABBING AND IN DOING SO REMOVED COLLINS FINGERPRINTS STOP BUTLERS STATEMENT UNDOUBTEDLY TRUE

JONATHAN PLANK
SHERIFF CABLE COUNTY

"Cosmetics can never hide the truth"
—DR. EDWARDS

YOU cannot realize how much better you will feel and look until you try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. For instead of rouge and powder, many women need internal cleansing to remove the cause of blemishes, pimples, headaches, and that dull lifeless feeling.

The Internal Cosmetic

That is why countless grateful people today think of Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets as the "internal cosmetic." A safe, efficient substitute for calomel, much easier to take—they gently regulate the liver and intestines and nature clears the way for a lovely skin and the alluring glow of youth.

Take these wonderful tablets every day, if you want to banish the "looks" and feeling of age, and win back buoyant health. Compounded of vegetable ingredients, used by millions for 20 years, you'll know them by their olive color. At all drug stores, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

BATTERY
DOT'N'DASH Telegraph Set
MORSE CODE

Electric Telegraph Set 15c

BOYS! A private Electric Telegraph Set of your own for *15c*. Lots of fun sending messages to your friends. Better still get two sets, hook them up as shown in the directions, for TWO-WAY MESSAGES (sending and receiving.) No trouble at all to operate with the simple instructions that accompany each set. Operates on any standard dry battery obtainable everywhere. With this outfit you can learn to transmit and receive messages by the Morse International Code, and in a very short time become an expert operator. Mounted on wooden base measuring 4 x 3 in., first class construction throughout, complete with key, sounder, magnet, miniature Western Union blanks, packed in neat box with full illustrated instructions—**ALL FOR 15c** (without battery) postpaid. *(Canada and Foreign 10c.)*

Add *10c* for 64 page book **"BOY ELECTRICIAN"**. Tells how to make batteries, dynamos, motors, radios, bells, engines, etc. **BIG 770 PAGE CATALOG 10c.** Amazing catalog of novelties, tricks, puzzles, jokes, books, etc., *10c postpaid.*

Johnson Smith & Co., Dept. 512, Racine, Wis.

Stop Itching

Surprising and gratifying is the way soothing, cooling Zemo relieves itching Rash and Eczema in just about five seconds. Such wonderful results are praised by millions—and this is because Zemo contains rare ingredients not found in other remedies. Wonderful, also, for clearing up Pimples, Ringworm and other skin and scalp irritations—Zemo is worth the price because you get relief. All druggists', 35c, 60c, $1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, $1.25.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

"PLEASE... find out what's wrong with me"

A DOG CAN'T tell you what's wrong. You have to know what his symptoms mean. Fever, cough, listlessness or loss of appetite are danger signals. Watch for them at this time of year. Give "SERGEANT'S SPECIAL MEDICINE" at once for the reduction of fever in puppies and dogs . . . "SERGEANT'S CONDITION PILLS" as a tonic, alterative and for loss of appetite . . . "SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES" for roundworms and hookworms. Use "SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES" for worms in pups.

Write for Free "Dog Book."

For the sake of your dog's health, we urge you to write today for a *free* copy of "SERGEANT'S DOG BOOK." It tells How to care for your dog . . . How to diagnose and treat his ailments . . . How to guard him from disease . . . How to feed and groom him . . . How to keep him healthy, alert, full of pep. Contains a symptom chart that diagnoses dog diseases at a glance. Full of information needed by every owner who really cares about his dog's health. Our own veterinarian will gladly advise you personally about your dog's health. Write him fully. This service also is free.

FEED YOUR DOG ON "SERGEANT'S DOG FOOD"

It contains Fresh Beef, which he must have for Health, Strength and Stamina.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1474 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.
In Canada, address: Sergeant's Dog Medicines, Ltd., Toronto

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

5 times the return from any other magazine, is the experience of one advertiser in Liberty. Let Liberty advertising increase your sales, too!

SOUR STOMACH
TWO-MINUTE RELIEF

Calcium carbonate, the modern scientific anti-acid (2½ times as effective as soda) perfectly blended with Magnesium and other soothing, healing ingredients in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will dispel those sour risings and the unsettled condition of the stomach after meals in a couple of minutes.

These tablets will neutralize several times their weight of acid material in the stomach and they start to work the moment they're swallowed. For lasting benefits use these tablets after meals and avoid all discomfort—they provide a safe and harmless anti-acid. Used by millions of men and women for over thirty-five years. Try them today.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS
AT ALL DRUG STORES: 25c and 60c
The Quickest Relief for Gastric disorder

FULL BOX FREE

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets—will be sent you free, if you will mail this coupon and 6c in stamps to cover mailing cost to the F. A. Stuart Co., Dept. 10-R, Marshall, Mich.

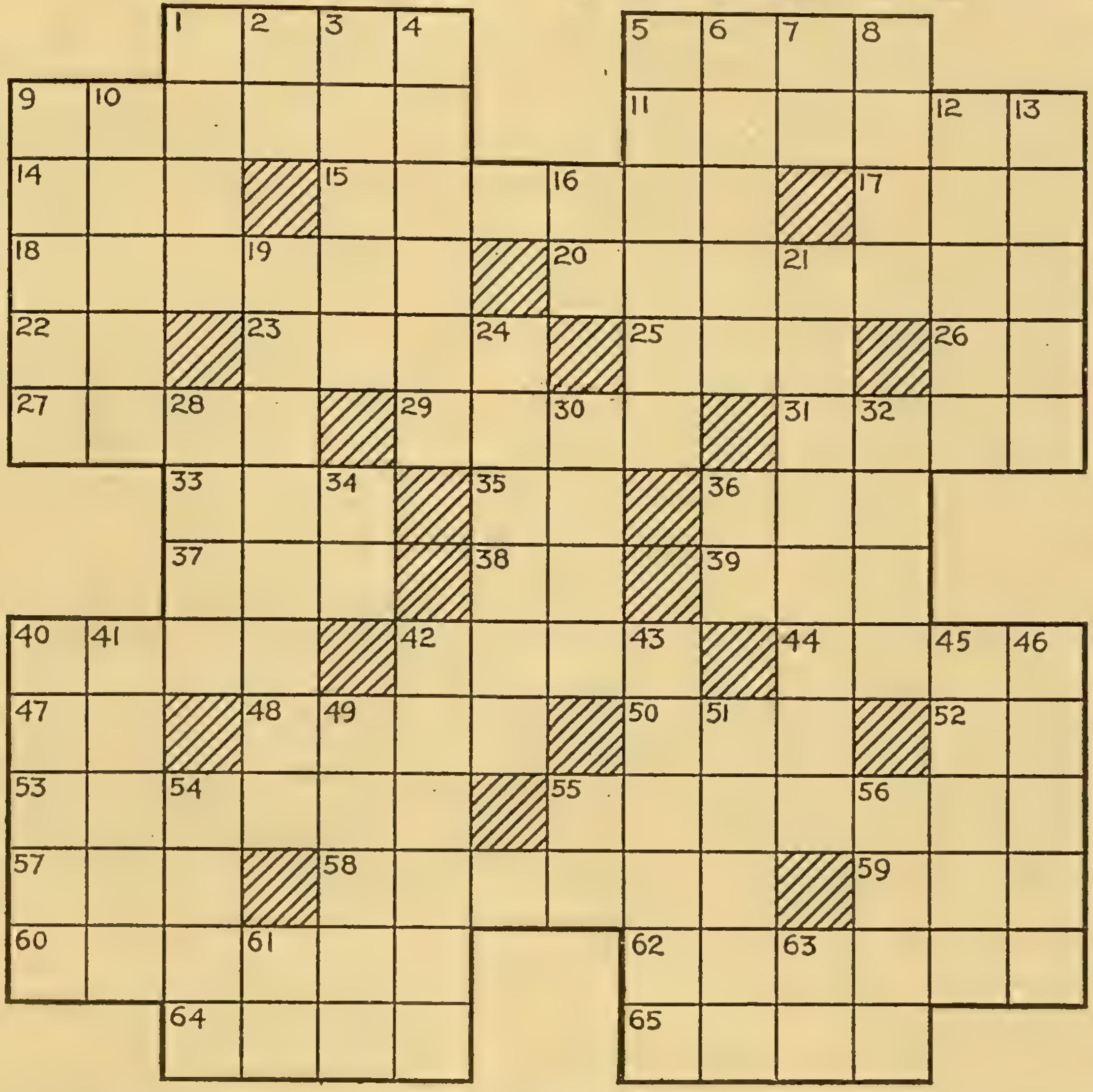
Name..

Address..

Town..

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE

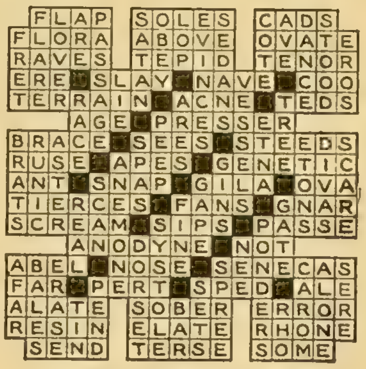


HORIZONTAL

1 Woman's name
5 A term of solemn ratification
9 A colloquy (variant)
11 Red of a low luminosity
14 Age
15 Pleasantry; raillery
17 City in Finland
18 An inhabitant of northern Africa
20 A colorless liquid
22 A prefix meaning not
23 A stulm (mining)
25 A Delphic priest (Greek myth.)
26 Elevated railroad (abbr.)
27 Part of saline fluid secretion
29 To approach
31 Gaelic
33 Ground taro root
35 Egyptian god of the sun
36 Bewilderment
37 Suffix used to form nouns or adjectives
38 Question (abbr.)
39 To spread for drying
40 Stratagem
42 Exercise authority or dominion
44 Babylonian god of wisdom
47 Indian mulberry
48 A woody plant
50 Joined
52 Either
53 Decisive moment
55 Engaging with each other, as machinery
57 Book by Kipling
58 Turn away from any business
59 A Tunisian measure of weight
60 A strip of plaster or wood
62 Shoot or sprout (obsolete)
64 Latin phrase for "concerning"
65 White-tailed sea eagles

VERTICAL

1 A river in France and Germany
2 Suffix meaning "belonging to"
3 Arrayed
4 Pertaining to fungi
5 Woman's name (French form)
6 First name of famous early Italian traveler
7 Suffix forming comparative degree
8 A Biblical patriarch
9 First appearance in society
10 Goddess of peace (mythology)
12 Musical wind instruments
13 Short for *nolle prosequi*
16 Chemical symbol
19 Degree of honor next above a knight (plural)
21 Two twentieths
24 A neck chain, usually twisted
28 Imitates pretentiously
30 To handle without consideration
32 To interpret; also to relate
34 Third person neuter pronoun
36 The place where a thing is
40 Affects with extreme anguish
41 An American actress
42 To have one's domicile or home
43 Issue from concealment
45 Tributary state of Orissa, India
46 Part of an animal or plant
49 An amendment to a document
51 A chemical compound
54 Son of Bani
55 Personal pronoun
56 Distinctive doctrines or theories
61 Half an em
63 Registered nurse (abbr.)



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 FLAP SOLES CADS
FLORA ABOVE OVATE
RAVES TEPID TENOR
ERE■SLAY■NAVE■COO
TERRAIN■ACNE■TEDS
   AGE■PRESSER
BRACE■SEES■STEEDS
RUSE■APES■GENETIC
ANT■SNAP■GILA■OVA
TIERCES■FANS■GNAR
SCREAM■SIPS■PASSE
   ANODYNE■NOT
ABEL■NOSE■SENECAS
FAR■PERT■SPED■ALE
ALATE SOBER ERROR
RESIN ELATE RHONE
 SEND TERSE SOME
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

$50 CASH for EIGHT WORDS!

WRITE A DINKY AND WIN!

$250

IN 64 CASH AWARDS THIS WEEK

Send in a Dinky and Win Some of This Easy Money

THIS may be your week to get into the prize money by writing eight words. That's all there is to a Dinky. Just eight words, arranged in four lines of two words each, with the second and last lines rhyming. Of course it must tell a complete story or episode. And you can win $50 if your entry in this week's contest is adjudged the best received. The schedule of cash prizes lists all of the awards awaiting Liberty's contest friends. Claim your share of this easy money. If you happen to miss the first award you may collect the $25 prize, the $15 prize, or the $10 award. Or you may be one of the ten who will win $5 each or the fifty who collect $2 each by sending in a Dinky. By all means write a Dinky and send it in. Yours may be the one to win the big money. To illustrate, here are two examples:

Green plums.
Young Nick
Ate ten.
He's sick.

Thin ice,
Christmas skates.
Crunch, plunk!
Pearly gates.

Doubtless you can improve on these samples. Just because they happen to describe catastrophes, don't be misled into thinking that a Dinky necessarily must celebrate sorrow. Quite the contrary. You may, if you wish, laden your entry with all the sprightliness of spring, with the whimsicality of a Celtic fable or the humor of an ante-Volstead toastmaster. Choose any subject. Treat it as you wish. The main point is to write a Dinky and submit it. If you fail to do this you may be doing yourself a financial injustice. Don't deliberately ignore this opportunity to add a Liberty cash prize to your resources.

The rules below supply complete information for competing.

DINKY CONTEST RULES

Each Dinky must consist of four lines of two words each. The second and fourth lines must rhyme.

Each Dinky must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what, in this week's issue of Liberty, appeals to you most.

The Dinky which most entertainingly condenses the most complete story within its eight words and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as described above, will be adjudged the best.

For the best entry submitted each week, until further notice, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For the second best, $25; for the third best, $15; for the fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5; and for the next fifty, $2 each will be paid.

Address all entries to DINKY CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This week's contest closes Monday, February 13. Mail your entry in good season.

HERE IS THE CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	$50
Second Prize	25
Third Prize	15
Fourth Prize	10
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	50
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	100
Total Prize Money	$250

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

DEC. 31 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

W. WEYDEMEYER,
Fortine, Montana.

TEN $10 PRIZES

Samuel Butler, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. W. L. Englebrecht, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. C. B. Fletcher, San Francisco, Calif.; Emmet Frank, North Kaukauna, Wis.; Felix J. Koch, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. W. McManical, Horton, Kan.; Arthur F. Phillipsen, Delpiedra, via Sanger, Calif.; Mrs. Mary Rowland, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.; Mrs. J. M. Smith, Rogers, Ark.; Rex C. Wilson, Coatesville, Pa.

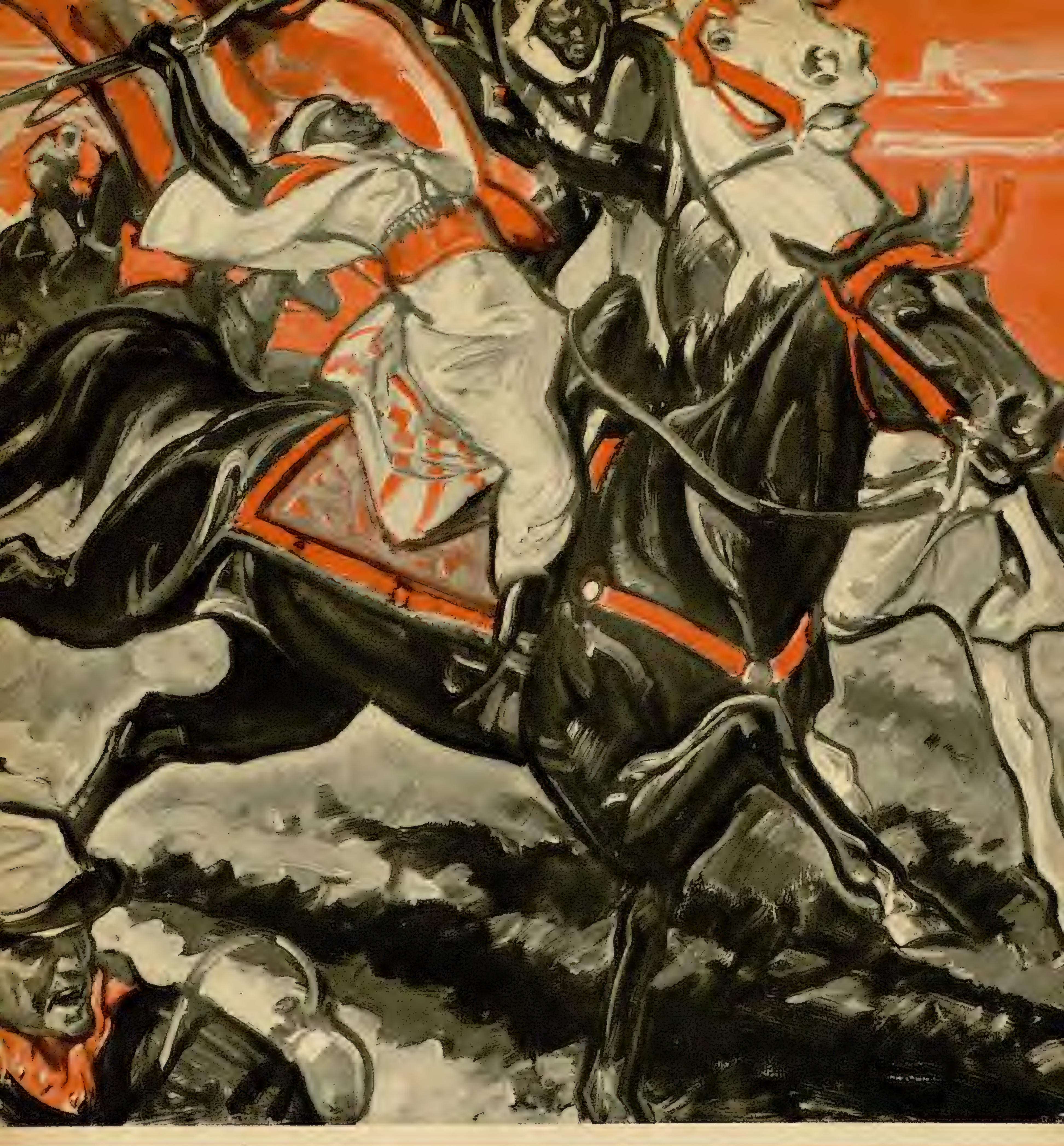
FORTY $5 PRIZES

R. P. Allen, Fort Collins, Colo.; Ed. V. Booth, Oakland, Calif.; Genevieve Bledsoe, Wewahitchka, Fla.; Mrs. Albert Bowie, Dinsmore, Fla.; Beaumont Claxton, Imboden, Ark.; E. A. Creswick, Toronto, Ont.; Muriel Discher, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. W. F. Dietterich, Kansas City, Mo.; Conrad B. Glains, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Hilda Herder, San Francisco, Calif.; Bessie A. Harnden, Kyserike, N. Y.; W. E. Hughes, East Hampton, Conn.; F. A. Hamlin, New York, N. Y.; Miss F. V. Johnston, Oswego, Ill.

Edwin F. Jones, Medford, Mass.; Helyn Kelly, Philadelphia, Pa.; Eda Lee, Green Bay, Wis.; Thomas Limburg, St. Paul, Minn.; James C. Magee, Jr., Somerville, Mass.; E. H. Mather, Livonia, N. Y.; Mrs. Ted McClellan, North Hollywood, Calif.; Nevadie McKinney, Helen, W. Va.; John Anthony Mole, Corbyville, Ont.; Llewellyn A. Moorhouse, Fort Collins, Colo.; Axel Niemi, Iron River, Wis.; Mrs. Ruth Noh Yue, Schofield Barracks, Oahu, T. H.; Mrs. August Oberlander, Waco, Tex.; Mrs. Tim Phalen, Mason City, Iowa.

Carl L. Pittock, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Neil Bond Porter, Roswell, N. M.; Nick Rath, Hilbert, Wis.; Mrs. J. M. Rosser, Gallion, Ala.; Mrs. James Snedeker, Charleston, S. C.; Glen F. Stillwell, South Haven, Mich.; Mrs. J. W. Strudwick, Minneapolis, Minn.; Arthur M. Tunick, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. Charles W. Upton, South Pasadena, Calif.; Louis Webber, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; L. D. Wooster, Hays, Kan.; Mrs. Gene Young, Winston-Salem, N. C.

ANOTHER $250 DINKY CONTEST AND JAN. 7 SNAPSHOT AWARDS NEXT WEEK!



(Reading time: 26 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE former Legionnaire began in last week's installment the story of his attempt with McCann to escape from the Foreign Legion and from French jurisdiction by deserting at Souider and slipping across the border into Palestine.

When about to start, the pair discovered that two comrades, Germans, Weisser and Lais by name, were also on the point of "clearing out," and they reluctantly joined forces with them rather than run the risks that two desertions in one night would engender.

The four set out from the city at midnight. They had with them extra rations, extra *bidons* filled with water, one rifle and one Mauser pistol. Toward dawn, in open country, 1384 suddenly gave the order, "Down, everybody!" He saw a light.

PART TEN—CAPTURE AND IMPRISONMENT

DIMLY from the distance came a faint murmur of sound, and low on the sand was a glow of light. As we lay still the voices came down to us on the soft night winds, and peering through the haze we could presently discern movements about that dull glow.

"Partisans! Oh, boy! Wouldn't they be happy to know we were here!"

"Shut up, you fool! Sound travels!"

"*Mein Gott!* If they capture us!"

"Shut your trap, Jerry. They'll hear us!"

"What will we do?" moaned Weisser.

"If you blubbering —— don't dry up, I'll brain the pair of you!"

Silence for a space.

HELL Hounds!

By

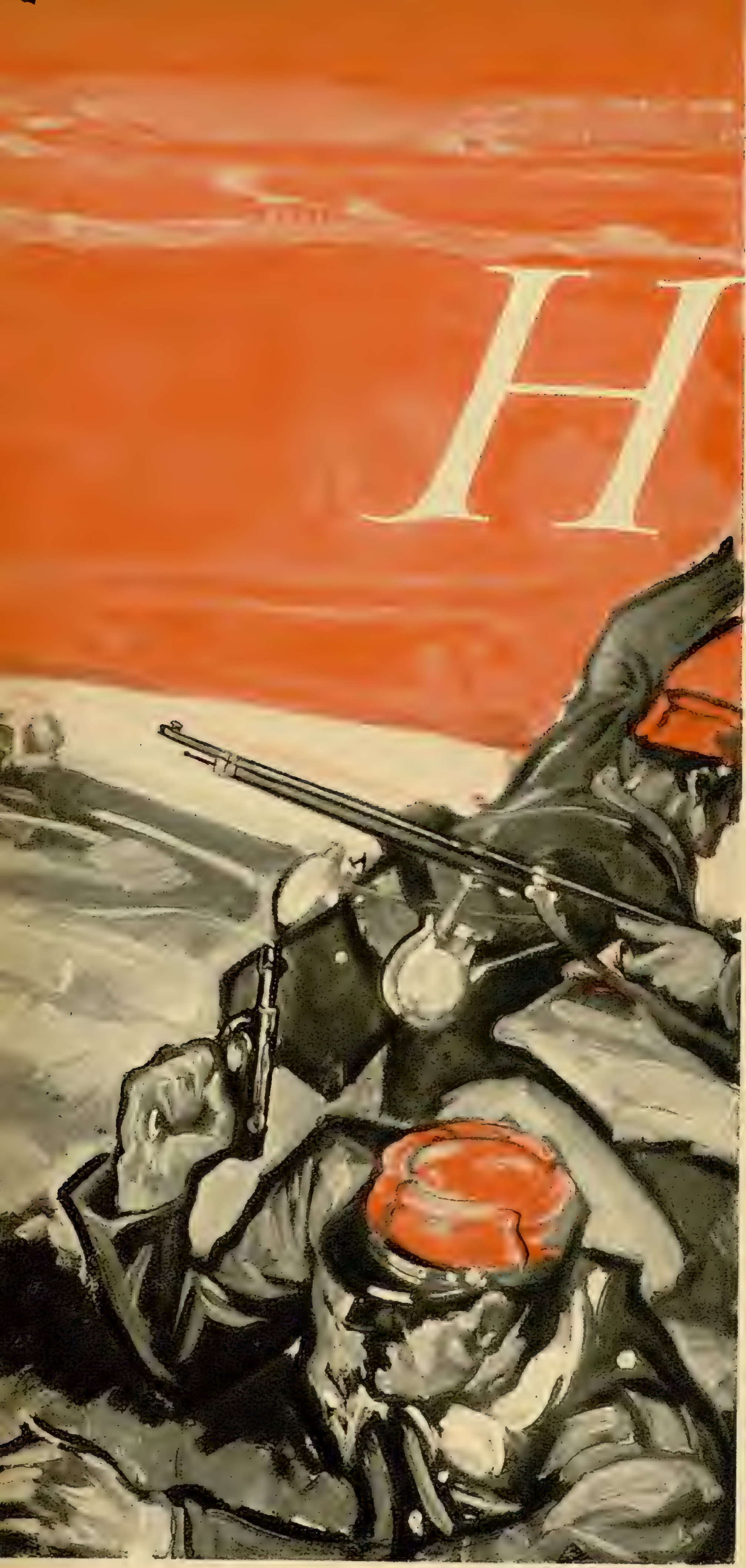
EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

In Collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Illustrations by CHARLES DE FEO

Fiends around a Campfire—Wild Dogs and Thirst—A Five-Mile Fight against Hopeless Odds—Overwhelmed within Sight of Freedom—Sentence of Death



We kept up that running fight, bringing them down as they came up with us, until the sands resembled a battlefield in miniature.

Now there was more disturbance of that distant glow.

"Gosh!" breathed McCann. "They've heard something."

"We must beat it," I said. "Let's make a wide detour. Come on! Let's go!"

We changed our direction, striking off at right angles to the glow. We had to make some noise, however cautious our movements, for you cannot crunch sand without doing so. I pushed on, the others trailing behind, and out of the corner of my eye I watched that camp fire.

"If we come up against anything now, Mac, we'll use the knives, understand? The sound of shots would—"

"Sure, boy. I get you."

Suddenly the fire flared up as if it had been fed with petrol, which probably it had. Instinctively we dropped flat in the sand. Higher and higher it blazed, lighting up the desert in an ever-spreading circle. We could now see the figures moving about quite plainly. It was obvious that they had heard us, but not surprising. An Arab with his ear to the sand can detect sounds a mile away.

In those tense moments we lay and perspired—and prayed. There was just a chance they would take the wrong direction. After all, they had only heard us. They were not likely to see us now. We were too far beyond the circle of light. I had made up my mind I would not be caught alive—not by Partisans! I had seen too much of their handiwork.

Lying alongside me, Weisser panted like a man who had been running hard. Lais was making tiny sounds with his mouth. McCann chewed dry lips, and I tried to take an interest in all these things, because it was a period of waiting, just waiting.

The head-hunters were building up the fire with logs now. Some of their number had strayed beyond the farther rim of light.

"Time to move," I whispered. "They'll hardly hear us—making too much noise themselves. Besides, it must be getting near dawn. That'll come up like a shot and be the end of us! Come on! Let's go!"

We moved off at a run, and kept it up for the better part of an hour. Then we saw the first streak of dawn. By this time we had left the camp fire far behind, and had come upon scattered boulders, a bit of friendly scrub, and harder ground. Of a sudden the sky lit up in bold, brassy colors, almost terrifying in their swift splashing of the heavens and the promise of intense heat to come.

And now for a rest! We had planned to march only at night and sleep through the heat of the day. Quickly we moved a number of stones over to a patch of scrub and built a shelter.

McCann and I kept a lookout through the crevices while the two Germans slept. Having slipped the Partisans, we were feeling thoroughly optimistic again. We had fed and drunk our portion of water, and were permitting ourselves a cigarette.

"What will you do when we get to Palestine, Mac?"

"Oh, boy! What'll I do! I'll make for South America. There's bound to be a revolution down there. Anyhow, I could start one and make a pile of dollars!"

"Haven't you had enough wars?"

"Barrington, you blighted lime-juicer! D'ya think you could get on now without one? Boy, you'll be just aching for a scrap after a month's rest!"

I shook my head, enjoying the cigarette and the delightful interlude of peace.

"Haven't you any ambition, Mac?"

"Suffering Mike! Ambition? Sure—to get blotto as often as possible, take a nice li'l' cup of tea occasionally, and enjoy life, boy. What say?"

"I always knew you were crazy."

At noon we roused Lais and Weisser, had another meal, another careful measure of water, and settled ourselves for sleep while the two Germans took guard. They awoke us in the middle of the afternoon and were roundly cursed for doing so. A bunch of pariah dogs were shuffling and snuffling round our heap of stones.

A night and a day gone! Again we awoke to find the Germans grousing and bleating. They were blaming McCann and me for having led them into this wilderness, accusing us of not knowing the direction. Apparently they had been commiserating with each other while Mac and I slept, but we soon put an end to that.

"You can go back, or keep your mouths shut and follow us."

I held the Mauser within an inch of the face of Lais, and McCann pushed the barrel of his gun into Weisser.

"What say?"

WE plunged into the night. I had a strong suspicion that we were drifting. We certainly had altered our direction after coming upon the camp of the Partisans—

"Gosh! What's that?"

I swung round at the sound of McCann's voice. Something leaped through the air, knocking Weisser to the ground. He let out an awful yell.

"Get up, you son of a ——! It's only a pariah dog!"

Mac began to beat the animal with the rifle butt, the sounds of padding feet and bloodcurdling snarls telling us that a hungry pack was closing in on us. This was the same pack that had snuffled round our shelter during the afternoon. They had waited for us. In another moment they were upon us. We were mixed up in a confusion of snapping, slavering, yelping dogs, and the weirdest fight I have ever encountered. Their green eyes flashed up as they sprang. I fired rapidly, bringing three or four to their knees, while McCann clubbed for all he was worth, and the two Germans struck with their knives.

"Come on! We gotta run for it!" Several made an attempt to follow us, until I turned and potted two or three. Then they smelled blood, and fell on their wounded.

"Hey, Barrington," panted Mac, "who said dog doesn't eat dog? Look at 'em, for the love of Mike!"

"My shoulder!" cried Weisser as we ran. "It is torn! One of those beasts got me. It is poison—death!"

After a while we halted and took a look at the German's shoulder. It wasn't much of a scratch, but, as he said, it might be poisonous. We wasted a lot of precious water getting him clean, then set off again. All night long he grumbled and groused, complaining of his aching shoulder and the weight of his kit, until, thoroughly fed with his bleating, we had to relieve him of the *bidons* and rations he carried.

"Down, everybody!"

With my heart thumping furiously at these perpetual alarms I dropped behind some scrub and the others followed suit. I had heard the faint neigh of a horse, and though I could not see anything I was taking no chances. Presently a party of horsemen came within sight. We crouched, guns ready. Was this another bunch of Partisans? Had they heard our shots?

They came so near that we could almost touch their saddles, but it was abvious they were not looking for us; not looking for anyone, in fact. The horsemen were Druses, and across the saddle of each was a wounded man. Evidently they had had a brush with a French patrol. We heaved a sigh of relief when they had passed on.

"Gosh, Barrington, another shave as close as that, and I'll die of heart failure!"

BUT the remainder of that night was uneventful. Dawn found us bivouacked under a bunch of rocks, McCann and I taking first turn-in while the other two watched. I was roused at noon by a punch in the ribs from McCann.

"Wake up, Barrington! These lousy hogs have drunk all the water!"

I spent some seconds trying to take that in. It seemed an idiotic thing to say. *All* the water! Why, there must have been three full *bidons* when we went to sleep.

"Who's drunk all the water?" I asked stupidly.

"These two —— Jerrys."

"Good God! You're crazy!"

I grabbed at the *bidons*, turning them over one by one. It was true enough. Every drop of water was gone. We had started out with seven full *bidons*, and had been on the trek two nights and a day and a half. Seven *bidons!* All gone! It should be remembered that, except for about half a bottle that was used on Weisser's scratched shoulder, the water had been strictly rationed and used for drinking only. There had been no possibility of a wash so far. We had not come upon any water in our travels, and God knew when we should.

I looked at Mac, then at the sullen Germans. I could guess what had happened. They had taken a drink or two while we slept. And that was a fatal thing to do in the heat of the morning. They had found they could not stop, had gone on and on—until all the *bidons* had been emptied.

"Well, what are we going to do with the ——s?"

"Shoot them!" I said, and lifted my Mauser to do it.

Mac pushed at my arm.

"We can't do that, boy."

"Can't we, by God!"

"Nope! Cut it out."

"That's the law of the Legion, McCann, and you know it. They've stolen our water. We don't know when we shall get any more."

"We're not in the Legion now."

"Don't be so damned sure! I propose to give them a chance. Let them get on their feet, give 'em a running start—and we shoot!"

"We can't do it, boy. We can't do that."

Weisser let out a yell and began to gibber in German. McCann gave him a blow which quieted him. Lais, certainly the better of a miserable pair, said not a word but watched me from beneath his shaggy brows.

"You know what it means, Mac? We've got to start on the march now, through this frizzling heat, and look for water. We have to keep going now, night and day. Two thirsty men travel better than four. That's horse sense, and you can't get away from it! What's come over you, damn you?"

"Gosh, Barrington, d'ya think I'm not as hopping mad as you are about the mess these nitwits have got us into?"

"Better let me shoot."

"Nope! Cut that stuff out. Come on! Let's go! We'll strike water before sundown and fill up."

We set off, pushing the two Germans before us. We could not trust them any more, so we walked behind them with our guns at the ready. And a weary afternoon it was, with the sun beating pitilessly down through sand-laden winds that seemed to have been forced from some gigantic furnace. Five solid hours we tramped through that blistering heat without a halt, having seen nothing that promised water, not even a storybook mirage. Sullenly, silently we kept it up, throats parched, tongues swelling. We breasted a hill, and decided to rest at the top. Weisser was blubbering in a light-headed sort of way.

FROM where we lay there was a good view of the surrounding country. We could see a tiny hamlet in the distance. McCann closed his eyes and I kept watch. The other two could please themselves. They were out of our calculations now. I stared through the heat haze at the faint outline of that village. We should find water there—but we must wait for darkness.

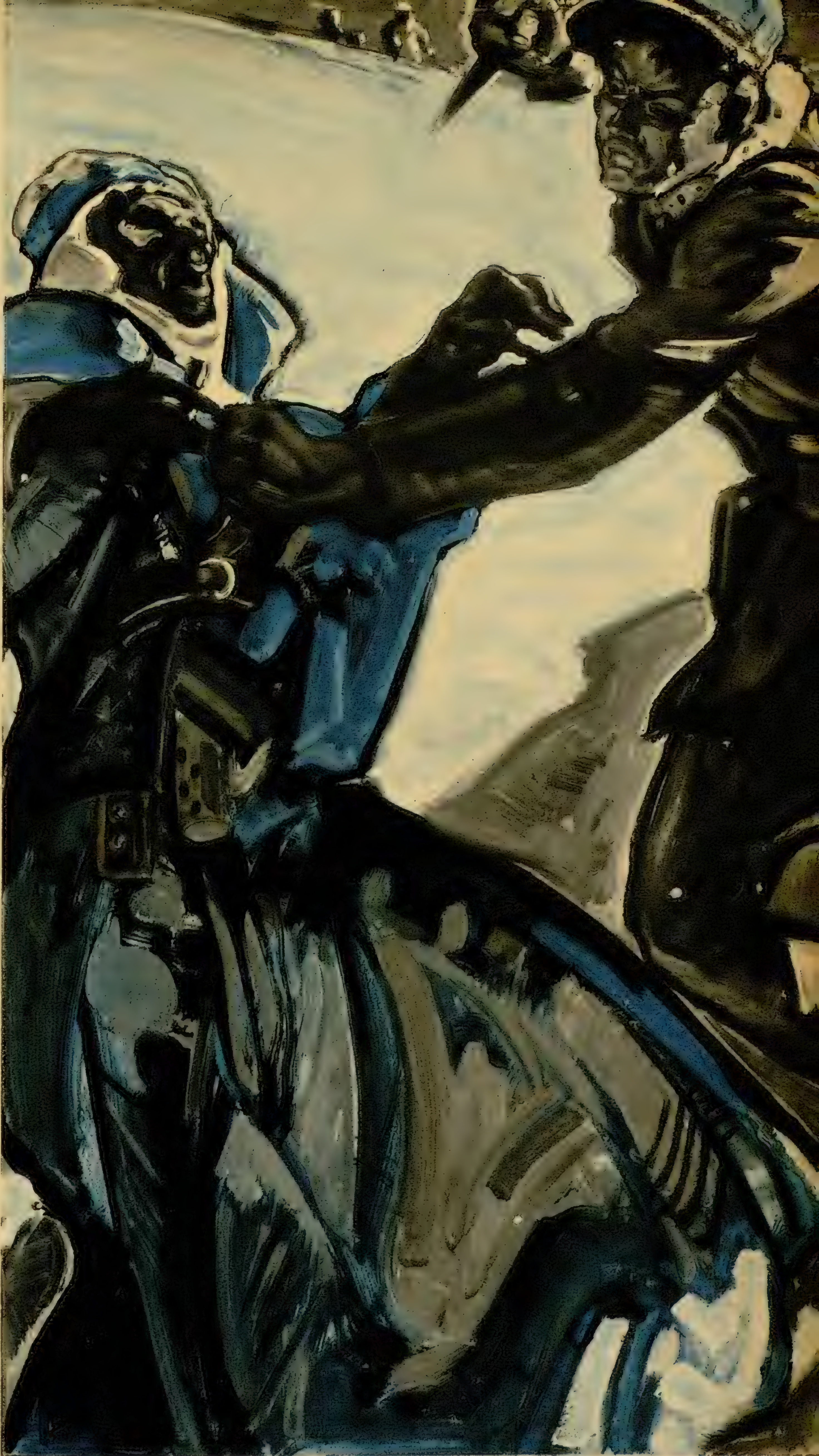
God in heaven! Was I dreaming? Surely that was an Arab leaving the village, ascending the slope diagonally. A solitary Arab. He was carrying something on his back. I dug McCann into wakefulness.

"Look! An Arab over there! Keep your eyes skinned, Mac—I'm going after him! He's almost sure to have a water bag!"

"Shucks! I'm coming too!"

"Stay where you are, you fool! We don't want the Jerrys wandering off. They'd give themselves up first chance, and where the hell would we be then?"

And with that I jumped



My onslaught was so sudden and unexpected he had no time to guard. He sank to his knees in the sand, the blood dribbling from his neck.

to my feet and went after the Arab. I had not gone far when the fellow saw me approaching. He stopped, wondering who I might be, and waited for me. As I drew near I saw that he was dressed for travel. There was a pack and a water bag on his back. I did not hesitate for a second but went straight up to him, my knife concealed in my hand.

He was giving me the usual "Greetings, brother," when I lunged. My onslaught was so sudden and unexpected that he had no time to guard. He sank to his knees in the sand, the blood dribbling from his neck. I felt no compunction then, nor do I feel any now. Many of his compatriots had done the same to comrades of mine, done it less mercifully, for he was dead before I had cut the pack and bag from his back.

I made my way back to McCann.

"Did ya finish him?"

"Of course. We can't have anybody running about to tell tales."

We filled four of the *bidons* from the bag, fed on the little beef that was left, and helped ourselves to the dates and bread from the Arab's pack. Among other things I had lifted were a lovely jeweled knife, a small bag of money, and some tobacco. All of which, as Mac said, would come in useful.

"The old Arab's water is as hot as hell and probably fever-ridden," he commented, "but, my God, it's like nectar to me! All set?"

"Heavens! Yes!"

"Right! Come on!"

We trod down the remainder of that afternoon more lightly, giving the village we had seen a wide berth. Presently we came to an expanse of open desert with hardly a ripple in the flatness and no vegetation.

"Hey! What about this?"

We stopped and surveyed the scene. We were traveling in the glare of the sun, and if anything hostile came our way we should have difficulty in hiding, unless we buried ourselves in the sand. Nevertheless we decided to take the risk and try to make the hills we could see in the distance.

"Barrington, those hills mark the border. I'm sure of it!"

"I wonder."

"Come on! Let's make for them, anyway."

We trudged on doggedly, the Germans still in front of us, Weisser keeping up an interminable muttering and mumbling, Lais sullen and silent.

"Oh, boy! Believe me, when we get across I'm going to swim in good wine for a week! Any guy who tries to stop me—well, it will be too bad!"

AND it was too bad! We went on for another hour. Those hills came nearer and nearer, and suddenly over the top came a band of horsemen. We halted in our tracks, spellbound. We hadn't a ghost of a chance. There was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. It was too late to get down into the sand. Those men had seen us and were coming on, hell-for-leather. Weisser sank to the ground moaning. McCann booted him to his feet again. I thought of the Arab. Had he been found? Such news would spread quickly.

"Greetings, brother!" called the chief of the bandits as they rode up.

"Greetings!" I said.

"Where are you going?"

"Palestine."

"Ah, escaped Legionnaires, eh?"

If there is one thing an Arab loves, it is a gun. I tried to bargain with this chief. We were vastly outnumbered—there were about thirty-five of them—and something had to be done. I offered him the rifle and pistol if he would guide us safely across the border. He wanted the arms first and when I refused he attempted to pull his gun. But I was quicker on the draw than he. I fired and he toppled from his saddle. In a second we were surrounded. McCann and I were firing right and left. Not for nothing had we been trained crack shots by Captain Dupont! Weisser and Lais woke up and started to use their knives on the animals' flanks. The result was the whole band was thrown into confusion, and we were able to fight our way through them. Then we began to run, firing at the horsemen as they came after us.

We were desperate men, men who had endured much, who had traveled two days and two nights to get thus far, and desperate men can do much. We kept up that running fight, bringing them down as they came up with us, until the sands looked like a battlefield in miniature. We ran on and on, McCann and I blazing away at any horseman who came abreast of us. For five miles we kept it up, and we should have got clear, too, if the sounds of our firing had not brought another band of horsemen to the scene.

THAT was the end. We were through. We could not stand up to any more.

"Come on, you sons of ——s!" roared McCann. "Here we are! But, by God, we've given you a run for your money!"

A lieutenant of gendarmerie, riding at the head of the party, was enough to tell us that all was over.

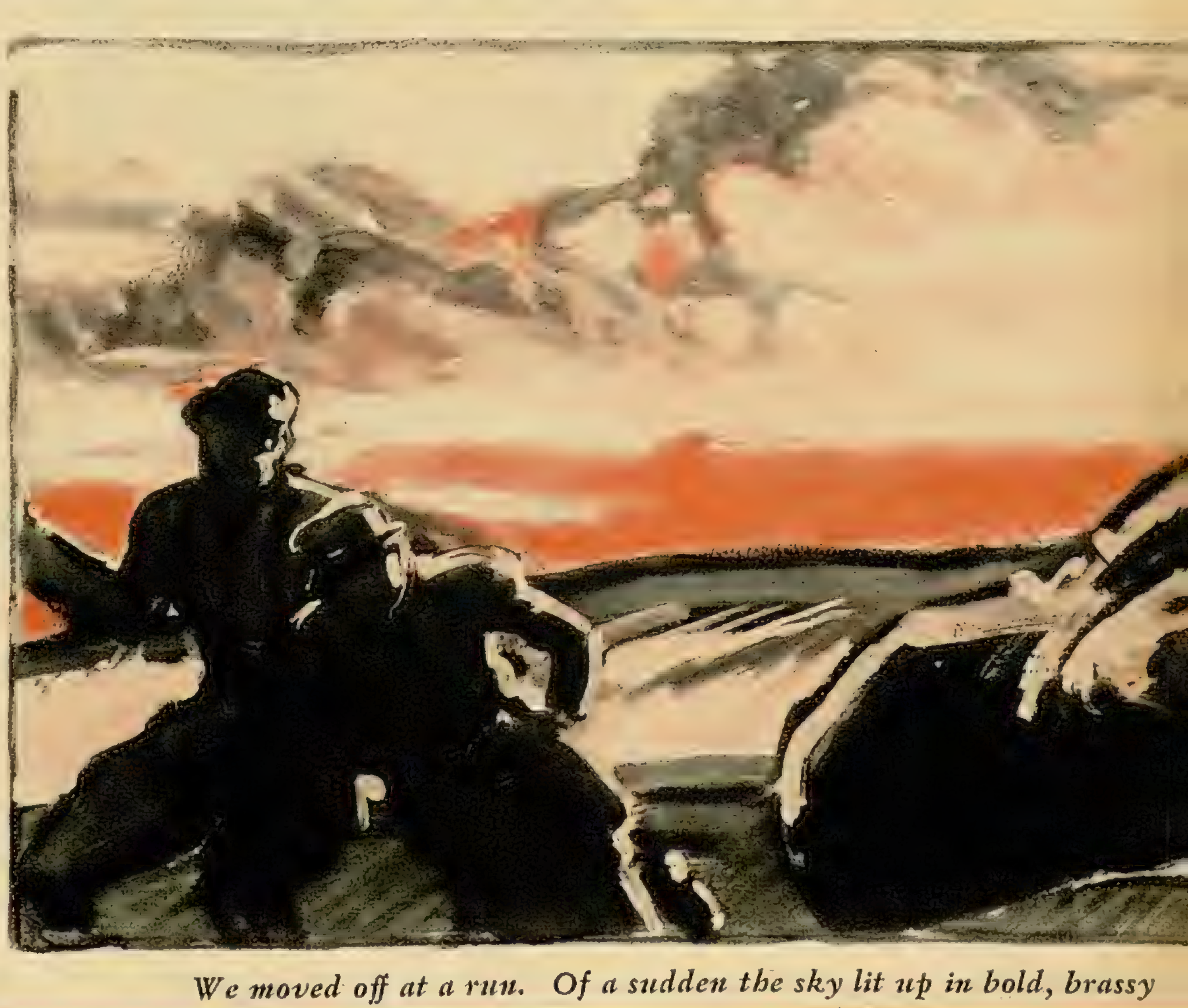
"*Cochons!* Deserters, eh?"

"You said it, you pup!"

"You will go no farther!"

He rapped out an order to his men. Some of them dismounted and came over to rope us hand and neck. I don't know how long we were in reaching the crest of the nearest hill, dragged at the end of those ropes. We just staggered along as best we could, keeping pace with the trotting horses, feeling more dead than alive. Presently we reached a mud fort, and without further ado the lieutenant had us all stripped and flogged. After which we were flung into a room together and a guard was posted over us.

We begged for water, and were kicked unmercifully. Presently a sergeant of the gendarmerie came in, looked us over, and selected me. He said he had something to show me, and if I would give my word of honor not to attempt an escape he would take me out on to the flat roof of the fort to show me this something.



We moved off at a run. Of a sudden the sky lit up in bold, brassy

"But," I said, astonished, "you know I can't escape."

He thereupon took me up to the roof of this mud fort, from which I might look upon the country beyond the ridge of hills. And I saw, not three hundred yards away, the first outpost of the British Empire, with the Union Jack flying in the breeze. It was the outpost of Tel Hadad, of which we had dreamed so long and for which we had at last made our great effort. I stared at the Flag, flying there so bravely. Then I broke down. I wept like a child.

The following day found us in Derra, a French frontier outpost some two miles or so from Tel Hadad, where we had been so ignominiously captured. Derra is the last post held by the French on the border line between Syria and Palestine. It consists of a scattered village, a well guarded railway station, and a lot of barbed-wire entanglements, to say nothing of the extremely well guarded fort. Here is an almost dry nullah, over which there is a bridge. On the Syrian side of the bridge is a French soldier, and on the Palestine side a British soldier. So near and yet—

Four miserable, dejected, fed Legionnaires were taken before the Commandant Bureau at Derra. A commandant in the French army is usually a major. This major was typical of his breed. He had us lined up in the guardroom and then let loose his tongue. His venom was rich in epithets; the names he bestowed upon us were many and varied. We were thieves, dogs, swine, murderers, and several other things which cannot be mentioned in an account that I have striven to make printable.

That major might have saved his breath. His curses had no effect upon us whatever. We were too sick and weary. Besides, we were thoroughly inured to tongue slashings; we had soldiered under Captain Dupont for years. So he ordered the inevitable flogging.

IT was here that we learned that we had *murdered* twenty-four Arabs! In our fight with the Partisans, when we had fought for our lives or our sanity against capture and torture, when we had put up a running fight across five miles of desert, it seemed that, in our desperate defense, we had killed twenty-four of them.

"Gosh! Twenty-four of 'em, boy! Twenty-four! Can you beat it?"

Even in my utter wretchedness I could not help feeling a sense of supreme elation. I had sworn for years to get as many as I could for all that I had seen of their diabolical handiwork. And I had done it, or, at all events, a goodly share of it. A wave of pride swept over me. I could have laughed in the face of that silly, cursing major. Twenty-four! Wonderful! Wonderful! Twenty-four fewer to torture and maim my fellow Legionnaires. I had never felt such pride before, nor have I since that day. *Twenty-four!*

And so we stripped our already lacerated backs, and were hung up for another flogging. My recollection is that it did not take many strokes to lash the bunch of us into insensibility. We were too far gone to stand up to much. I wakened later to find myself rolled up into a ball like a cat, but hardly so sleek and comfortable, for I was indeed bloody and messy. My first feeling, apart from the agony of the salt wounds, was one of ungovernable rage. I began to yell at the top of my voice, bringing down all the curses of Allah on the lousy French. Incidentally I yelled for a drop of water. A sergeant came along and kicked me as I lay, until I lost consciousness again.

Somebody once said that man is the most adaptable of all the animals.

I believe him.

The next time I woke up, McCann and the two Germans were already sitting up and taking notice. Mac had torn a piece out of his shirt for a wash cloth and was trying to clean the dried blood from his back with spittle. The other two were content to sit and endure. Now I had my eyes open I could look round on an indescribably filthy room. There was no light or ventilation, except such as might penetrate through the bars of the grille on the door, and the place stank.

Still, we were alive.

Apparently someone had been watching us through the grille, for when it was seen that we were all awake, the order was given to march us into the prison yard. We were there only a few minutes, but long enough to see a man, apparently an Arab, being tied to the flogging post, and to witness some of his punishment. When I had looked at the fellow his eyes had answered mine with something familiar in them. I mentioned this when we were back in the cell.

"Sure. I've seen that guy somewhere myself," Mac said, "but I can't place him."

I lay on the bare floor and pondered on that familiar look for a while. I fell asleep, to be awakened by the sound of scratching close to my ear. Rats, I thought. But it wasn't. A faint voice came to me through the wall, low down, near the floor.

"Englishman! Englishman!"

"Hey, Mac, what do you make of this?"

We both listened and it came again:

"Englishman! Englishman!"

"There's a guy in the cell next door. Careful, boy. It may be another of their traps."

"Hullo! Who's saying Englishman?"

"IT is me, Taledio, the Italian—you remember, who used to serve you drinks at the Café Noir?"

"Good Lord! Then it was you I saw in the yard this morning being flogged?"

"That is right, my friend. I am flogged every morning."

"Every morning! What in hell for?"

"I cannot tell you now. It is that I am making a hole under the wall now, for you cannot hear unless I shout. Tonight I will finish it. Then we will talk."

We lay and listened to the scratching. Hour after hour it went on. The little light from the grille faded out. Night had descended. Still the scratching went on.

colors, almost terrifying in their swift splashing of the heavens.

"I wonder what that fellow's in here for, Barrington? He's a civi. He's nothing to do with the Legion."

"Must be something serious, if he's being flogged every morning."

Mac was still wondering when I fell asleep, if one could call it sleep. The heat was intense. Vermin played hell with our torn backs. The water we had been given was hot and stank.

I awoke with a start, trying to penetrate that hot blackness. McCann was leaning over me and whispering.

"Hey! You blighted lime-juicer! He's through. Feel."

I felt where McCann's hand guided me, somewhere near the foot of the wall where we lay. A stick of wood was prodding its way through, up from the floor of earth. We grabbed it and began to widen the hole from our end. Presently we had a tunnel through which we could talk in low tones.

"I said I would get through, Englishman. I dig this hole long time, yes?"

"You sure did. What are you in here for?"

"I tell you. Then mebbe you help me."

"Hey! You ten-cent dago! How the hell can we help you? We may be shot tomorrow or the next day!"

"I do not think so. But even if you are, it will pass the time. I know lot of rebel chiefs in Damascus. They give me messages to pass to friends who come to Café Noir."

"Yes? But what made you come to Syria at all?"

"*Dio mio!* It is a long story. I have one girl. She no good. She go with 'nother fellow. I kill."

"We've heard that one, Italy. Cut it out! What about these rebel chiefs?"

"One day big chief come to me. We make lot of talk about revolution. I give him much sympathy, yes? Then he tell me I make plenty of money with guns and ammunition across the border from Palestine."

"And did you?"

"BUT of course! I make a lot of money. Then I am betrayed to French. They bring me here. I am flogged every morning because I will not give secret place of guns. I know where five hundred rifles are hidden this minute, but they will never know. I will never tell. If I do they will find them and shoot me. If I do not tell, they will shoot me—"

Suddenly there came a piercing shriek. Quickly we pushed the earth back into the hole and rolled over it. But not quick enough. The door was flung open and in came a couple of guards.

The next half hour we spent in trying to evade the flying whiptails. We knew that something similar was happening next door. Having grown tired, they left us. We lay still through the remainder of that night. But in the early morning we heard the Italian again.

"Englishman!" he whispered desperately. "If you have money, bury it in the floor. There is an Arab interpreter. He is my friend. You trust him to get help. He need money to go to Damascus. Druses have cut the telephone—"

We never heard that stumbling Italian voice again. The money we had was quite safe, sewn into the lining of our tunics. But this was news indeed about the interpreter. McCann and I decided to trust the fellow, whoever he was, providing he came our way. It was taking a long chance, but it was better than doing nothing. Since the telephone wires were cut, the commandant at Derra would not trouble to get in touch with the authorities at Damascus. He would probably take the law into his own hands, and shoot us for deserters. If this interpreter fellow could get through on horseback to the British and American consuls in Damascus, there was just a chance that they would intervene, that they would demand a proper trial in Damascus. If!

After we had been given black bread and water and the guard had retired, Mac and I took turns at the grille. We could see nothing except a dark passage and the cell opposite, but there was the possibility that the interpreter might come along. Presently McCann, who was staring through the grille, beckoned to me. I joined him. Someone was coming down the passage. There was the unmistakable tramp of military feet, and into view came four French soldiers with fixed bayonets. They passed our cell, but halted at the next. We waited. They returned, taking with them poor old Italiano, his leg irons clanging and clattering.

"Going for his morning constitutional," commented Mac.

"Poor devil! I wonder how long they'll keep it up."

BUT we were wrong. We realized we were when we heard that single volley fired. We knew only too well what that meant. Had we not fired many such volleys? Italiano had gone home.

"Gosh, Barrington, another guy on the long trail! I guess he's better off that way. He sure had a nerve not to spill the beans to the French, eh?"

"Yes, but we got a licking for nothing."

"Nothing? Not if this interpreter guy comes along."

"If! 'If ifs and buts were apples and nuts—'"

"Hey, Barrington, you lime-juicer! What's biting you?"

"I'm not building on any interpreter."

"Huh! Go to hell! What's the good of moping around here, groaning like a wounded stone crusher? You'd better join the Jerrys in the corner there. That's your camp!"

"Never mind, Mac. We'll be able to make faces at the firing squad."

We were saved any further argument by the approach of the guard. It was time for our ten minutes' exercise. We had not been back in the cell more than half an hour when the interpreter did come along, in the guise of a priest. He told us he was from Palestine. The news of our capture had traveled far and wide. He was ready and willing to procure a mount and go off to Damascus at once. We gave him the money and hoped for the best.

On top of him came the commandant with an armed guard, carrying a sheaf of papers and looking mightily pleased with himself. He informed us that we should be shot in forty-eight hours.

How the hour of execution drew nearer and nearer, how a kindly French "padre" smuggled in wine so McCann could have a last good drunk, how at dawn the four heard tramping feet in the passage, and what came of the interpreter's ride to Damascus, will be told in next week's installment of Hell Hounds!

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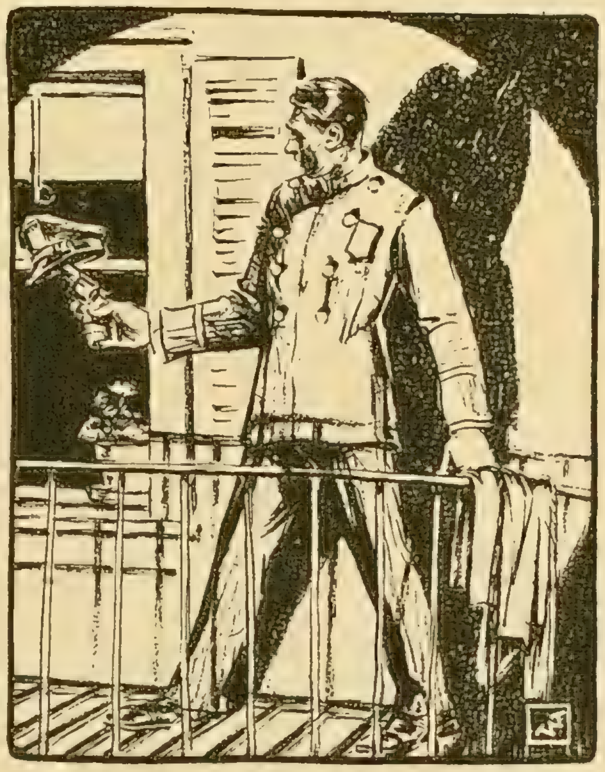
A Short Short Story

The ESCAPE

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)



By
HOWARD SWAIN

KILLER GUS hovered near the door, listening attentively. Approaching steps had roused him. He was careful not to wake Mollie, his wife.

Outside in the hall a board creaked. Then came the sound of whispering. At least two men were quite close to the door. He tiptoed back into the bedroom and came out with an ugly automatic. He let one shot blast its way through the panel of the door.

As the echoes died down, Mollie cried out.

There was a hoarse curse on the other side of the door and an answering shot. Killer Gus had stepped back and the bullet embedded itself harmlessly in the plaster of the wall opposite.

" You better come out peacefully, Gus," said one of the detectives outside.

" Oh, yeah! " he sneered without moving.

He heard footsteps as one of the men descended. That would be to get reënforcements. He returned to the bedroom and dressed hastily. This was his chance. He instructed Mollie to remain until after he was gone. Of course he would have to shoot it out with the remaining detective.

He opened the door on a crack. The roar of a revolver greeted him. He closed the door quickly and locked it. The detective's shot had passed within an inch of his head.

Loud and mournful in the night air came the wail of a siren. The first detective had spread his alarm quickly.

He went back into the bedroom. The girl was dressed.

" Listen, kid," he said. " I can't get out. If I give myself up, it means the chair. I'd rather die fighting. But—"

He stopped.

" I know," she said, walking over to him and putting her arms around his neck. " You're worryin' about me. Well, forget it! If you gotta die, I want to die too. An' I don't want you to give yourself up, understand? Fight it out! "

" Okay, kid. And we just might get through."

They went into the darkened kitchen. From trunks and closets Gus produced a veritable arsenal of pistols. Two windows opened from the kitchen into the rear yard. At one of these was silhouetted the outline of a fire escape. Beyond loomed the dark masses of the buildings on the next block. They saw men scrambling across those roofs, carrying things.

" Machine guns," said Gus.

He dragged the metal-topped kitchen table into the middle of the room, and turned it up on its side so that it formed a shield. They squatted behind this.

" They'll try to get you out," Gus said. " Maybe they'd even agree not to shoot until you went out. D'ya wanna go? "

" Do I look like that kind? "

He patted her shoulder affectionately. In all of his warped life he hadn't known what happiness was until she had come. The wailing sirens had stopped, apparently because all that were coming had arrived.

Brilliant flood lights had been mounted in the yard so that the back of the building was as brigh as day. A man was sent to the fi escape. When he had climbed wit in reach of the window he shouted

" The lady can come out saf Gus. We won't shoot her. She ca come down by the ladder. I'll hel her."

There was no answer.

Killer Gus pressed the girl's hand

" You better go into the bedroom," he said.

" An' leave you? Never! "

" This is for my good as well as yours, kid," he said. " Until they see you they don't know whether they're shootin' at you or not, see? "

" Okay, Gus."

She crawled across the floor on hands and knees.

The young cop on the ladder removed his hat and held it within the line of vision of Killer Gus. The Killer saw it and grinned. He held his fire.

He let himself sag to the floor s that about half of his body showe plainly to the window. He turned himself over so that he was prostrate upon his back. His hand, the right one, hid beneath it a small but deadly automatic.

The young cop continued to wave his hat temptingly but nothing happened. Heartened by the continue silence, he took another step and peered into the room He saw the Killer's form dimly, lying in the shadows o the floor. Only the ceiling of the room was touched b the direct light of the flood lights. The cop rose highe boosting one knee upon the sill. Word was relayed t the men covering the hall door to hold their fire unt they discerned whether a uniformed man or Killer Gu was trying to get out.

The young cop approached the Killer's prostrate for warily. Suddenly the Killer let his gun hand fly to t youngster's chin with terrific force. He reached out bo arms and drew the sagging form within the shelterin shadows of the table.

Then Killer Gus's fingers flew. He put on the man' cap. He stripped him of his coat and slipped that on His own trousers were blue.

He stood upright and leaned through the window. H climbed out.

Mollie had heard the cop come into the room, hear something like a scuffle. In the silence that followe she moved to the doorway, quiet as a cat.

Behind the table was a vaguely outlined prostra form. In the window was the silhouette of a cop. T girl lifted the automatic which she had carried away wit her and took a steady and deliberate aim. The gun spa

The man on the ladder toppled three floors to the yar

At the same instant the men in the hall burst in.

When the lights were turned on, the girl saw that the man she was sobbing over was an unconscious cop. Killer Gus was quite dead in the yard below.

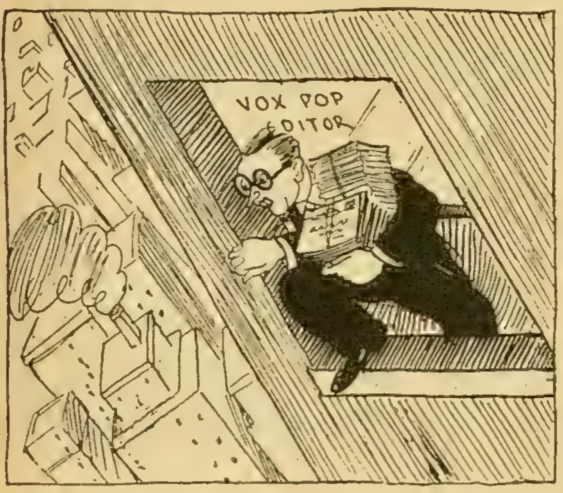
THE END

VOX

Tough, Did You Say? Boy, We Eat 'Em Alive!

St. Louis, Mo.—Here it is another year and Vox Pop is still at it. You must be tough as a boot. Criticisms, more, less, rotten, fine—every time I read Vox Pop I have a feeling like going through a tunnel.

Every week for past three years have expected to read: " Editor of Vox Pop quit—jumped out the window." Am curious to know what kind of a guy you are. Why not a biography and photo of Editor of Vox Poppers in next issue? Bet every Popper would be intensely interested. Well—Liberty—by name and nature.—*Sam Chaney.*



Halyburton Answers the Official German Reply to Shoot and Be Damned

Detroit, Mich.—*Mein Herr Doktor Fonck:* When Ralph Goll and I heard that the big guns of Berlin were answering Shoot and Be Damned, we began looking for a better 'ole. Now the answer comes over, but—bless you, Herr Doktor!—it looks like a dud. With Yankee curiosity, we're about to unscrew the nose cap and see what's inside.

First we find that we erred in respect to a few names, dates, and numbers. We stand corrected and thank you for the time you spent checking the records of the Ministry of Defense. I had only my memory from which to draw and it would have been strange indeed had we not slipped up on a few details.

But with all your records you have not disproved anything I stated as a truth. You question our description of the manner in which Hoyt Decker lost his eye. Every American captured with me will go before a court of inquiry and swear that the incident is true.

Again, you express the thought that it was ridiculous for the intelligence officer at St. Avold to ask me the bore of the American army rifle. We thought it ridiculous, too. That's why we included it in the story. Is it impossible that a German officer—one who looked as though he was a Herr Doktor—could make a fool of himself? Or isn't it?

In an effort to give the lie to our account of conditions at Tuchel, you quote several " Americans " who visited the camp. I admit those " Americans " were there. I met them.

But, Doktor, dear Doktor, what the hell kind of " Americans " were trotting around over Germany, free, and at German expense, when our countries were at war?

With one hand you point to the lack of food in Germany, telling us that it caused the deaths of hundreds of thousands of German civilians, and we admit that your statement is probably true. With the other hand you point to a prison camp filled with enemies of Germany, denying that starvation existed there. Tut, tut, Doktor, and another tut!

Shoot and Be Damned is not, and was not intended to be, an indictment of Germany. As a professional soldier, it made little difference to me whether I fought Germans in France or military policemen and civilians at home. I never hated the Germans and do not dislike them now.

It is with real regret that I learn of the death of General von Kalckreuth, commandant at Tuchel. He threatened to kill us our first day there and almost did. He was not a slimy propagandist, but a bluff old soldier, honest as he was tough, and after the first terrible months he began to respect us. We respected him.

We can see many reasons why American soldiers at Tuchel were subjected to starvation and hardship, and we can even excuse the Germans now. In our story we have told of the amazing honesty of some of the German officers and men—of the lengths to which they went to protect our money and Red Cross food. But there is no honesty in the attempt being made to impeach us.

It appears to us that the attitude of the German War Ministry has not changed since it sent Captain Hans von Tauscher to Rastatt to buy me. Your department saw me then as a dumb sergeant who would be knocked off his feet by bribes, flattery, and arguments presented by gentlemen with double-barreled titles.

And I say to you, Doc, what I said to von Tauscher: " Go take a flying kiss at a galloping goose." But wait; I've an idea how we can end this controversy. Look me up some day at the barber shop and we'll shoot it out—with dice, I mean: my medal against your title.

Nothing but P. K. passes will be barred. Maybe at the same time we can settle the questions of who started the war, who won it and how, and who's going to pay for it.

At your service, Herr Doktor *(honoris causa)* Lieutenant Colonel Alfons Fonck.—*Ed Halyburton.*

You Contest Doubters Listen to This

Boston, Mass.—I have tried many of the contests that have appeared in Liberty but had not been successful until recently when I won a five-dollar award in The Movie Mystery Contest. I want to send a message to all those who might have been in the same circumstances as myself. Don't give up. I tried and tried, knowing that some day I would win a prize. I'm not going to stop trying, either.

Another thing is this: Liberty does pay its winners. I received my check the day after my name was published in the magazine. That's service.—*Albert Manski.*

Albert Manski

What's the Alps to a Girl?

Columbus, Ga. — For weeks and weeks I've been waiting for a cover that is attractive. At last your blondes have faded out and now you give your public this modern Red Riding Hood on the December 17 cover. Imagine any girl powdering her nose attempting to scale the Alps or what have you. Liberty is my weakness and To the Ladies my favorite fruit.—*Lillian Hall.*

You Never Can Tell

Columbus, Ohio—I am just a poor guy and work in the city stone quarries (but I come home every night). The folks that put in their grumps about Liberty remind me of the man in the hotel that complained to the clerk that the mice were fighting in his room, and the clerk asked him did he expect a bullfight for six bits.

Last summer I got a couple dollars for wise cracks, so am still ahead of the game. But here is something to think about: I submitted a little 25,000-word story and you said you couldn't use it. You don't know what you missed! I sold it to another magazine for $3.75. Now maybe you'll accept my next offer! —*R. J. Spangler.*

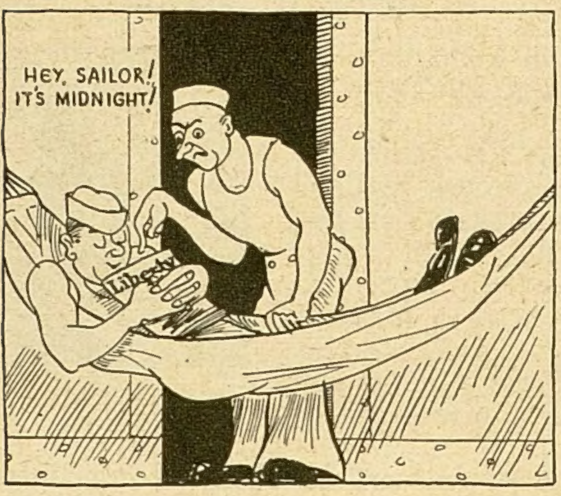
POP

adam john barth
VOX POP EDITOR

The Jolly Old Navy Heard from Again

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I am writing this Vox Pop for the purpose of making a daring exposé of a certain letter which appeared in the Vox Pop pages of December 24.

Staring conspicuously from the approximate center of the above-mentioned script was a striking portrait of the author, a hairy-chested gob industriously engaged in a battle of words with a typewriter.


HEY, SAILOR! IT'S MIDNIGHT!

While perusing the manuscript which surrounded this excerpt from the hall of fame I came upon a statement which aroused my sense of justice to the great American public.

The author mentioned giving his well read Liberty the deep six at midnight. Now I'm asking you, what sailor would be prompted to arise at the stroke of twelve (midnight) merely to give his Liberty the baggageman's five-foot swing and drop?

And now, one last gasp. Did the author of the deep-six tale sit for that portrait?—*Glen Cook, U. S. S. Langley.*

An A. E. F. Colonel on Hell Hounds

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I protest the appearance in a reputable magazine of such an article as Hell Hounds. The Foreign Legion has existed for over one hundred years, longer than any American military unit except the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston and a few others.

The criminal class with which your graduate of twenty-two prisons identifies himself does not make up the corps. These recalcitrants are weeded out of it by dishonorable discharge, as any army purifies itself thereby, including our own; our draft having unwisely taken in men ineligible to honorable military service.

No experienced person would accept the word of an ex-military convict about anything pertaining to the service from which he had been eliminated without honor.—*Hubert J. Turney, Colonel, A. E. F.*

The Regular Weekly Class on Prohibition Will Come to Attention

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I do not know whether you permit comments on Vox Pop insertions, but here is a try.

In your December 31 issue a gentleman from Waco, Texas, writes in part: "Personal Liberty that permits a man to enter a saloon with a dollar in his pocket and go home with the proceeds in his stomach to his hungry, destitute family is contaminating." I actually believe that 100 per cent of nondrinking prohibitionists think that the only persons who ever took a drink are drunkards, have only that one dollar, and their families are starving.

Some new argument would certainly be welcome. If it isn't forthcoming all of us might just as well get "nosey" and attempt to prohibit anyone from buying anything except food and clothing unless they have proof that they can afford it.—*Earl M. Poor.*

Those "She Women"

INGLEWOOD, CALIF.—I read your editorial in Liberty, December 17, on Movie Heroes in Sham Love-making.

It suggests having more "she women" along with the "he men." I agree that in the movies too many "he men" are falling in love with some cute little slip of a girl who is too young and lily-like for a "he man" in real life. But that's only in the movies.

The world doesn't need any more "she women." We have now too many rose-tinted amazons with a greater endurance record than a secondhand Ford. A woman is no more the weaker sex, when she can stand as much bad whisky, dance every dance, and stay awake longer than a man can. I don't know what a "she woman" is, but there is nothing weak about the kind we have now, that can go half clad through a cold winter, go out with a different playboy every night, eat everything on the menu and still be hungry, and looking for places to go at midnight.

Harry Jay Nickels

What we need is more lovely little ladies who are sensible and sweet; girls who go to sleep sometime. I've known girls from hay rides to gin parties and still prefer the kind that are a little feminine and not so much endurance and speed.—*Harry Jay Nickels.*

First Shot Was Not Vital

BALTIMORE, MD.—Where do you get that stuff? Referring to your first Detectogram in January 7 Liberty, how can a man shoot himself through the head twice?—*R. Miller.*

This Letter Should Interest All Cooks

FOSTORIA, OHIO—Liberty is now a fixed habit with my family. I always read Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's page first. Her occasional recipes are delightful. I wonder if she would kindly favor your readers with the recipe for Russian pancakes referred to as "Blini"? Within the last five years I have seen "Blini" mentioned in various magazine articles, but the secret has always been withheld. I have no respect for the American pancake. As all foreign travelers are so enthusiastic over the Russian variety I am willing to put aside all prejudice; they must be different. I feel certain there are hundreds of women who will appreciate any recipes of a foreign nature which will renew interest in the daily routine of cookery. —*Mrs. L. T. Herrig.*

Mrs. L. T. Herrig

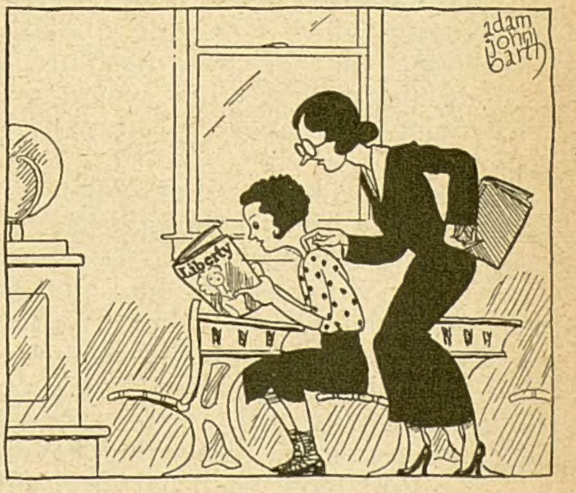
A Regular Fan

WINTER HAVEN, FLA.—I have been reading Liberty for years and haven't found a better magazine. If the knockers dislike Liberty so much, why do they buy it? These people don't know good articles, editorials, and stories when they read them. Some people always have to have something to kick about. I get a lot of laughs out of Vox Pop, and it's one of the outstanding features in your magazine.—*A Liberty Fan.*

Teacher Knew a Good Story

GARRISON, N. D.—Your darned old Liberty got me in trouble. I took it to school and was reading that swell serial, Dark of the Moon, when all of a sudden a tap on my shoulder and there was teacher.

"Reading not allowed during school hours. One half hour after school," she said. Too bad, for it was a lovely day.



I couldn't finish my story either. After school I just sat there. When I went to get my magazine I found teacher reading the story!—*Bunny.*

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

HUNDREDS of women are yearning to hunt for dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert. Roy Chapman Andrews, the Gobi explorer, told me the other day that ten thousand people want to go with him every time, and many of them are women. He says no.

"If it is my sex that stands in the way," wrote one eager lady, "please forget it, because sex does not exist for me."

But Dr. Andrews said no just the same. In fact, he said it emphatically.

As you probably know, Roy Chapman Andrews is the New York scientist who digs deeper into the past of Asia than any Asiatic has ever done. He's the man who found the famous dinosaur eggs a few years back.

I asked him if his explorations in the unknown deserts of Mongolia had proved of any use outside the realm of science. They certainly have.

"New trade has followed the routes we opened," he said. "As soon as we returned to China the Chinese merchants asked for our maps and all the information we could give them. They wanted furs and wool from the remote Mongolian tribes we had visited. Many of these tribes never had seen a human being from the outside world. They are now being brought into touch, a little, with civilization."

Curiously enough, our American craze for marmot fur has been a great help in improving the life of those far-off Mongolians. They now get a dollar and a quarter per marmot. Used to get a mere quarter before we girls started wearing marmot coats.

AT a small dinner party I met the father of a fashionable young woman.

He is having trouble with her. The fact came out during our talk, and I must have been sympathetic enough to inspire his confidence.

"My daughter," he said, "broke off her engagement to a young fellow who will inherit an enormous fortune. She found that he was dissolute, and threw him over, although marriage to him would have made her one of the wealthiest and most prominent brides in American society.

"I was proud of her when she told me she was through with him. I thought that was a splendidly courageous thing for any girl to do. I tried to make up for the gratifying vanities she had put aside so bravely—and that was where I made the greatest mistake of my life.

"I am afraid I have ruined her. The luxuries I showered upon her have done her great harm. They have made her a wasteful, careless, and permanently dissatisfied young woman, altogether beyond my control.

"It might have been better, I think sometimes, if she had married the drunken young millionaire. She might have loved him enough to change his ways, and the responsibility of saving him might have been her salvation."

A strange, perplexing story.

The man who told it to me is now a person of considerable importance in the New York business world. He came originally from a small Western town, from a large and none too prosperous family.

"My own father," he said, "a poor man, never a success in business, brought up fourteen of us and sent us out into the world pretty well trained to take care of ourselves.

"Yet here am I, with a hundred times more material success than my father had—and I can't make out to handle one little damfool girl!"

Roy Chapman Andrews

THE new spring prints are in town—long before the end of winter. The new patterns are best described as blurred chalk lines on backgrounds of black, blue, and brown. Designs rather geometrical, rather severe. Very smart in white on blue—the new blue, a cross between deep navy and royal.

As a contrast to these very prim crêpes, there are some enchanting patterns copied from old cottons. I saw an adorable one with white lilac sprays on a true lilac ground. And the same design with white sprays on a ground of the new pink. Keep your eye open for this shade—a lively sort of rose-ash tone.

WILFRED FUNK, dictionary man, has been asking famous authors what they consider to be the ten most beautiful words in the English language. Nobody has mentioned the word *remember*. Greta Garbo seems to have a corner on that one. In her talking pictures, As You Desire Me and Mata Hari, she makes glorious use of this fine word. If you see these pictures again, listen for it. Notice how she accents the second syllable, the *mem*. And how she dwells so lovingly and a little trillingly on the final *r*. Re-*mem*-berrr!

THE percentage of our large families is now in a class with the alcoholic content of legal beer.

Families of twelve or more now make up only four tenths of one per cent of our population. I am surprised to learn that there are now more American families with no children at all than there are with any one given number of them. Twenty-three per cent of us are childless couples. Twenty per cent have one kid. Seventeen per cent two kids. Twelve per cent three kids. And so on down.

DEAR READER: I am always giving you advice. Now you give me some, please. What to do about a candy biter? I mean the girl—relative or friend—who bites pieces of candy, then puts them back in the box. She does it when I'm not looking. From experience I know that practically every family has its candy biter. How have you handled yours?

READ the new Sinclair Lewis novel, Ann Vickers, his first *woman* novel since Main Street (Doubleday, Doran).

WRITERS Attention!

$10,000 has been set aside for unknown authors

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

I'm working and Smoking overtime—

hence a *Milder Cigarette*

WHEN I work hard, I usually smoke more; and when I smoke more, I usually work harder—that's why I want a cigarette that's milder and tastes better—that's why I smoke Chesterfields.

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